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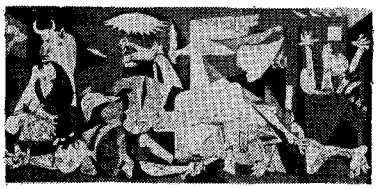

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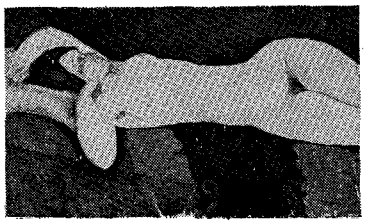

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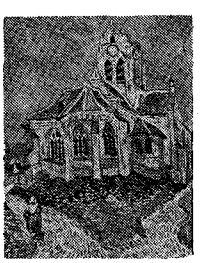

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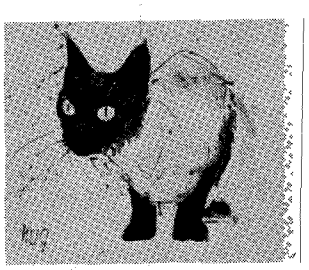

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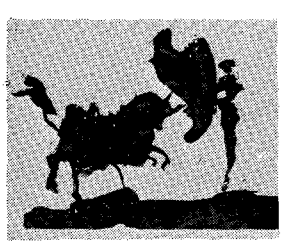

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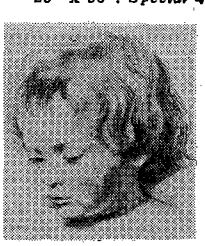

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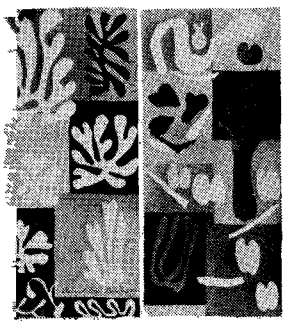

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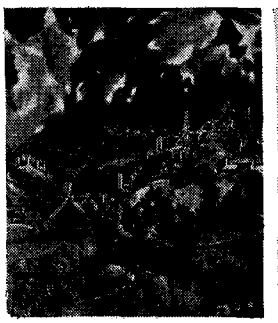

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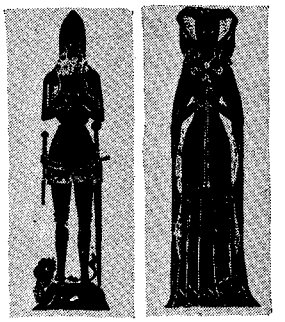

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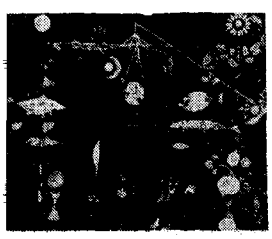

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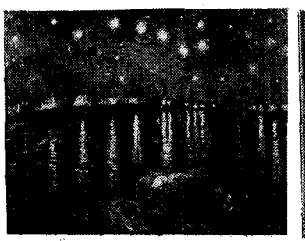

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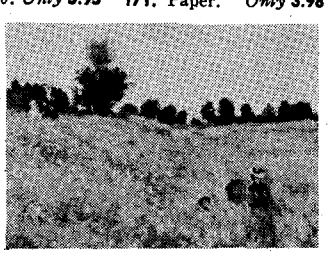

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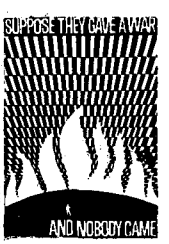

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267	268	269	270	271	272	275	276	277	278
279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288
289	290	291	ON PAPER		103	110	112	142	147
153	155	158	164	165	171	186	196	198	505
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from Washington

Pullback in Six Months?

We don't think Mr. Nixon is pulling the nation to a Vietnam settlement so much as he is being pushed. He must go on, willy-nilly; America wants out. When you get GI's in peace parades, and when you find young college graduates teaching sixth grade spelling to avoid the draft, it is time to take note. It is rather an ignoble spectacle, alas, but this is rather an ignoble war.

There is little in Mr. Nixon's past to cast him in the role of peace leader; until the primary in New Hampshire in 1968, he was a hawk among the best of them. But then the cold wind rose across those snow-clad pastures and it blew Lyndon Johnson out of the race, and Mr. Nixon took the hint. After all, he is no stuck weathervane.

All the evidence is that Mr. Nixon is working for a peace settlement and more power to him! The mood has changed. Washington watched absorbed to see if the President would resume bombing in the latest Vietcong offensive; he didn't. Now, anyone proposing such a course would be hooted.

Instead, all the current talk is of the troop pullback: 50,000 . . . 100,000. If there is any firm news in this we don't know it, and the White House warns against premature hopes. Yet the rumors of pullbacks have a quality of self-fulfillment. The odds are, we think, that it will happen in six months.

There is other evidence; Secretary Laird announces a cutback of B-52 bombing missions in Vietnam, from 1,800 down to 1,600 a month. Washington always prefers a devious to a simple explanation and asks if this is only a hoax to rouse the House and Senate armed service committees (who make the third leg of the Military-Industrial-Congressional complex). It's a neat explanation but we can't buy it. We think Mr. Nixon is trying to cool things, and is trying to signal to Hanoi that he is so trying.

The Administration wants to go slow, however, and not seem over-eager. This was evidently agonizing for Averell Harriman whose Paris term overlapped the new Administration. He may have felt he was on the verge of success. He now wonders if Mr. Nixon is missing the boat. It is a tortured situation in any case. The White House shows surprise at the force of the peace push, and may still underestimate it. It can be argued that peace pressure in the US plays into the hands of the Vietcong. We dont know anything to say to this except that it is probably true. Maybe the Communists are war-weary themselves, however. In any case, the argument comes very late.

It is hard for Americans to go on fighting for a regime in Saigon that has put Truong Dinh Dzu in jail. He was the runner-up, you remember, in the 1967 election. He was the Hubert Humphrey who got defeated. He is serving five years at hard labor.

Mr. Nixon has one inestimable advantage over Lyndon Johnson in making peace; if the ultimate settlement is tough (and we suspect it will be) he can blame it all on Johnson. One caution, though: it will be Nixon's War in fewer months than he may expect.

ABM in Three Flavors

The President has another big fight on his hands, ABM deployment. We are not at all certain that he will go through with this. Our advice to fellow columnists (some of whom show a tendency to fall back from Vietnam defeat onto the ABM) don't go too far out on a limb.

We think Mr. Nixon has every reason to avoid a bruising battle with Congress on this issue just at the start of his term. It would seem to be something that could be postponed until after forthcoming disarmament negotiations with the Russians. The President himself predicted his struggle in Congress would be close; now some of his aides amend this to "damn close." He would probably win but it could be a victory worse than a defeat.

When you have been around Washington awhile you get so that you can sense when an angry mood is heating up over the country. That's happening now. ABM deployment may be good or bad (we think it's terrible) but it has been presented miserably by its supporters. Every argument has been botched. First it was to defend the cities – then the silos. First it was against the Chinese –now it comes in three flavors (as the wits put it), against Russians, against Chinese, or against accidental shots flying around loose. And again, Mr. Nixon's own Cabinet, Messrs. Laird and Rogers, seem divided on the matter.

If we ever saw a sour mood developing in America it is now, toward the whole huge, wasteful, multiplying defense establishment at a time when the domestic front shouts for funds.

Note: We think we owe an apology to Everett Dirksen. We described last week how he warned a Negro federal worker that he was going to get him fired unless he stopped "harassing" innocent businessmen by trying to get them to comply with fair employment laws. We made Dirksen look rather paltry and futile. Actually he triggered an enforcement drive that might well turn into a brand new civil rights law.

The man Dirksen tangled with is Clifford Alexander, a fine looking, 35-year-old Harvard graduate cum laude, who was president of the Student Council and first marshal of his class. He got a Yale LL.B. degree and after a stint in the US Army and elsewhere became chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (not the Office of Federal Contracts Compliance Committee as we erroneously stated).

The law and Constitution require fair employment practices in industry and the EEOC is supposed to enforce it, but it has no teeth. Sen. Dirksen didn't mean to, but he actually called attention to an outrageous situation; one Congress may correct. There were five TV cameras on hand when Alexander called a press conference to announce resignation from his chairmanship (not the Commission itself) and figuratively set Sen. Dirksen down in Mr. Nixon's lap. Now the blacks have a new martyr-hero (and a brainy one). Civil rights advocates have a cause. The White House has a headache. And good old Ev Dirksen started it all. We underestimted him. Our apologies. We shall call it the Dirksen Crusade.

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Contents

5-7 Comment
GI's Who Question Why; Stop, Look, Talk; Try, Try Again!

8 Baseball Strikes Out – *Colman McCarthy*

9 Death and the Doctors: Who Will Decide Who Is to Live? – *Fred Anderson*

11 Putting the Heat on Mr. Nixon – *John Osborne*

13 Thorns on the Yellow Rose of Texas – *Robert Coles* and *Harry Huge*

17 Indonesia: the Greatest Prize – *Alex Campbell*

21 Ocean Hill Is Alive, and, Well . . . – *Joseph Featherstone*

24 Films – *Stanley Kauffmann*

25 Books – Reviews by *Clarence Brown, Martin Duberman*

31 Correspondence

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GI's Who Question Why

"We are Vietnam veterans, trying to break through some of the walls of isolation that have so long separated military life from the civilian community. I think we're beginning to succeed. Even the good General Westmoreland is reacting to what's happening. Did you see his remark last week that 'there are disturbing indications that deliberate efforts are being made to introduce the divisiveness found in our society into the Army'? He hasn't seen anything yet!

"We may not be able to match the Pentagon's assault force of lobbyists, but we're certainly going to make every effort to tell the public how it is for GI's while at the same time we are trying to inform, educate, and motivate servicemen with respect to the Peace Movement. Too many guys in the past have felt that because people were against the war they were also against the servicemen. Now GI's are seeing that this isn't the case. The gap between these two groups is quickly being closed as the servicemen and the Peace Movement join forces to fight common enemies." – – Carl D. Rogers, Project Director LINK: The Serviceman's Link to Peace

We are accustomed to seeing the military as a closed society with special and restrictive rules and manners. It has its own judicial system, its own code of conduct. Because certain sacrifices of personal freedom are thought necessary to maintain Loyalty, Discipline, and Morale the army is more hierarchical than democratic; its watchword is Authority, not Liberty. Tradition demands that one serve when called, and serve obediently.

All that is changing as the Vietnam war grinds on. In the year ending June 30, 1968 there were more than 53,000 desertions – unauthorized absences of more than 30 days – where there had been 40,000 the year before. Draft resistance is on the rise; the latest listing from General Hershey of draft delinquents numbers 23,000. Criminal prosecutions have doubled: 1,500 Selective Service Act violation cases were brought in the last half of 1968, twice the number for the comparable period in 1967. Average sentence: up from 32 months to 37.

The word of the military is not the Holy Writ it was. Senator Ful-

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bright doesn't think the generals are to be believed when they say we need ABM. The public resents the warnings of possible courts-martial for the *Pueblo* crew. The press is incensed by mutiny convictions and 15-year sentences for peaceful GI demonstrators at the Presidio in San Francisco. ROTC has been pushed off college campuses or stripped of academic rank. A group of army men, GI's United Against the War in Vietnam, at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, denied a permit to hold a basewide antiwar rally, is suing the army, alleging violation of their constitutional rights of free assembly and speech. Where it will all end, besides on the cover of *Time*, is hard to tell. The military will doubtless be under continuing pressure to pay more respect to the rights of GI's to the protection of the First Amendment.

Dissent within the ranks has grown to the point where it supports a radical underground press that is opposed to the war and to racism, hostile to arbitrary authority and discipline, and expressive of the special problems of enlisted men. At least 20 such papers exist, uneasily, on US military bases. Because press freedom is not the comfortable right in the military camps that it is elsewhere, because opposition to the war seems incongruous in the military, and because the army has so many ways to put down trouble among any of the 3.4 million who are in uniform, the papers may be short-lived. But they're here now, and the brass isn't happy about it.

At Fort Hood, Texas, Bruce Peterson, who edited the *Fatigue Press* was busted for drugs (microscopic analysis of lint in his pocket allegedly showed traces of marijuana) and sentenced to eight years in prison. The publishers of *Open Sights*, a paper at Fort Belvoir, Virginia that is distributed to Washington area bases, don't identify themselves. Fort spokesman Lt. Ron Zellner says he doesn't know who is putting it out, but his unofficial suspicions are that "it's got civilian backing and the military is just a front"; civilian "groups" which he won't specify but which he makes sound very sinister are behind it. *Open Sights*, and *Om*, published by a Roger Priest who claims the address, Office of Navy Information at the Pentagon, inform the GI: "This paper is your personal property. It cannot legally be taken from you. If anybody tries, demand a signed receipt from your C.O." The advice seems to work. A Fort Belvoir spokesman says, "it's not being suppressed, there's nothing we can do about it."

Officers at Fort Belvoir and elsewhere are acquainting themselves with an army regulation, amended in February, the gist of which is that military personnel have the same right to read as anyone else, and that the freedom should not be frustrated even when the material in question is in bad taste or critical of the government. If, however, the reading matter constitutes a clear danger to loyalty, discipline and morale, a base commander can enjoin distribution, after weighing whether publicity ensuing from his actions will result in increased circulation of the dangerous publication through off-post sources. Circumventing this procedure entirely, a commander can rule that publications be distributed through established and approved outlets on base, unless prior approval is sought for special distribution. Permission, of course, may be denied. The editor of *The Ultimate Weapon*, the Ft. Dix paper, is under arrest for pasting an advertising sticker for the Easter demonstration in New York on a base road sign. That may have been the only way the army could find to put the editor out of action, since *The Ultimate Weapon* uses an ultimate and inviolate distribution system, the US mails. (It's also available at bus stations, airports, and *sometimes* at Ft. Dix, Ft. Monmouth, Philadelphia Navy Yard, Stewart AFB, McGuire AFB and Ft. Hamilton.)

The extent of the anti-war movement within the military is hard to gauge, but the proliferation of organizations gives the impression that it is substantial. There is the American Servicemen's Union, GI Civil Liberties Defense Committee, GI-Civilian Alliance for Peace (Tacoma, Wash.), the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (Philadelphia). Papers include *Task Force* (San Francisco Bay Area); *The Bond* (New York); *Veterans Stars and Stripes for Peace* (Chicago); *Fun, Travel, and Adventure* (Ft. Knox); *Flag-in-Action* (Ft. Campbell); *Fatigue Press* (Ft. Hood); *Last Harass* (Ft. Gordon); *Short Times* (Ft. Jackson); *Logistic* (Ft. Sheridan); *Counterpoint!* (Ft. Lewis, Seattle); *Vietnam GI* (Chicago); *The Ally* (Berkeley); *The Ultimate Weapon* (Ft. Dix); *Strike Back* (Ft. Bragg); *Rough Draft* (Tidewater area); *Top Secret* (Ft. Devens); *Head On* (Camp LeJeune).

The papers are what one might expect – bulletin boards telling of demonstrations, rock concerts, other antiwar papers, conference reports, lawyer lists, buttons, new books. *Counterpoint* has run an expose of stockade conditions; *Fun, Travel, and Adventure*, legal advice. Last October, the men of Fort Dix were read a letter from post headquarters intimating that anyone who participated in any kind of demonstration would be court-martialed. *Ultimate Weapon* counter attacked by calling attention to Army Regulation 600-20, which specifically permits peaceful demonstrations by soldiers if they are off duty and wearing civilian clothes.

COMING: Robert Brustein argues the case for authority in the running of universities

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Stop, Look, Talk

The US is about to install multiple, independently guided reentry vehicles (MIRV warheads) on the first of the Polaris submarines scheduled for conversion, the *USS James Madison*. There have already been five tests of Poseidon, the converted Polaris missile, generally assumed to have 10 separate warheads. The implications for arms control talks, which Secretary Rogers said last week "can go forward very soon," are far-reaching. Once the tests are completed and there is confidence in the reliability of independent guidance for the separate warheads, installation of three or five or ten of them on each missile can be done without changing its external configuration. Reconnaissance by satellites would not then be able to count the number of warheads available to the US, or to the Soviet Union should it too embark on a MIRV program. Verifiable agreements on weapons, as we now understand them, might become impossible. "The hard fact is," former Secretary of Defense Clifford notes, "that we may never again expect to be in as favorable a position as we now enjoy for entry into talks about a freeze in strategic nuclear weapons. Technological developments may well make any arms limitation more difficult to develop and enforce a year from now or six months from now than it is today."

By MIRVing, the US would increase its targetable warheads from about 2,400 to about 8,000 or 10,000. This step-up in offensive capability was initially justified on the grounds it was needed to penetrate a massive Soviet missile defense. The Department now admits the Soviet Union is not building one. Nevertheless the MIRV program has not been halted. Indeed, it is being turned into a counterforce weapon: the accuracy of our warheads is being "enhanced," says Mr. Laird, to make it possible for them to attack hard targets, i.e., Soviet missiles. At the same time that the Department threatens the thousand Soviet landbased missiles with several thousand accurate US warheads, it plans a Safeguard-Sentinel ABM defense that it hopes can intercept Soviet sea-based missiles.

In response, the Soviet Union may step up its production of SS-9 missiles. Tit for tat. Just as the US did, when faced with the possibility (no more), of a large hostile missile defense, the Russians will want to be able to MIRV *their* missiles, and the SS-9 lends itself to this. Having induced the Russians to step up production of the SS-9 by weakening the Soviet deterrent, Mr. Laird compounds the error by ignoring previous Department of Defense assessments of the significance of SS-9. He insists it is a "first-strike weapon against Minuteman." This assumption that the Soviet Union would spend vast amounts so as to be able to strike *one* component of our force (Minuteman), when it cannot simultaneously knock out US Polaris submarines, bombers, and missiles deployed in Europe is a new low in Defense Department flimflam. Scientist Ralph E. Lapp has pointed out that under Mr. Laird's direst predictions, the Soviets in another four to five years will have 500 SS-9's, each equipped with three warheads – or 1,500 missiles in all. But Lapp estimates that *4,000* Soviet MIRV's would be required for any "low risk first-strike" *against our Minuteman force alone*. And he notes that Mr. Laird's projections assume that all our Minuteman ICBM's would remain "in the hole" and ride out a Soviet first-strike. "No Soviet planner in his right mind," Lapp says, "could make this assumption, especially in view of the new developments in early perception of missile attack." To this, professor Zbigniew Brzezinski adds that it is very doubtful "that a political leadership such as the Soviets', particularly divided political leadership, could conclude, today, that seven years from now, it will launch a preemptive strike against the US and base its strategic planning on that basis."

What is needed is a weapons moratorium on both sides, so as to give strategic talks a chance. No power threatens the security of our deterrent today. If both sides stop, there can be no charge that either is stealing a base. Satellite reconnaissance is fully up to the task, now, of unilaterally monitoring the compliance of each side. A two or three-year moratorium would provide critical time for the working out of a rational, firm arms limitation agreement. "Both the United States and the Soviet Union," Senator John Sherman Cooper reminded us the other day, "have the capacity to keep up with the other in offensive and defensive weapons, and with a continuing nuclear arms race we will end up at some later stage no further ahead, and we will be less secure because of the proliferation of US and Soviet nuclear weapons in the world."

Try, Try Again

Once upon a time, a handsome young politician was elected mayor of New York City on a fusion ticket of Republicans and reform Democrats. The new mayor quickly gained a nationwide reputation; his administration was relatively free of scandal. But something was wrong. Some people complained that the mayor was "aristocratic," out of touch. Labor unions said he was out to destroy them. The police department objected to the mayor's interfering in its operations. Republican politicians said he wasn't giving them enough jobs for the faithful. The mayor ran for reelection anyway. His opponent charged that the mayor wasn't a "real Republican," that he was only using City Hall as

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a stepping stone to the White House. The mayor lost.

The victim of this political tale is not John Lindsay, who is running for a second term, but John Purroy Mitchel. The year was 1917.

Mr. Lindsay took office on the eve of a city-wide transit strike. He has been running from crisis to crisis ever since; there have been strikes or threats of strikes by garbagemen, teachers, policemen, firemen, social workers. The make-or-break issue this year, however, and it is one over which Lindsay has only marginal control, is race. A recent Lou Harris survey showed New Yorkers almost evenly divided between pro- and anti-black sentiment. Many think the mayor has hamstrung the police, has been willing to appease black militants.

His first test will come in the June 17 Republican primary. Like Mayor Mitchel in 1917, Lindsay faces conservative opposition – John Marchi, a state senator from Staten Island who has the Conservative party nomination; and Vito Battista, an assemblyman from Brooklyn who is best known for the attention-grabbing stunts of his United Taxpayers Party. Lindsay's problem is as simple as it is formidable: the average New York City Republican is more conservative than he. Two of the city's boroughs – Queens and the Bronx – together contribute nearly half of the vote in the Republican primary. Even though he has the endorsement of the Queens GOP Chairman, Lindsay is not very popular with the white, middle class homeowners who live and vote there. The Bronx Republicans are backing Marchi. What will make the primary contest close is support for Lindsay in Manhattan and Brooklyn. The votes here just about equal those in the two anti-Lindsay boroughs.

Mayor Mitchel lost his primary to a conservative, entered the general election as an independent, lost again. If Lindsay pulls through the primary, he stands a fair chance in November. His 1965 victory was built on Republican, young, Negro, Puerto Rican and Jewish votes. The young still believe in him, and in four years the mayor's standing in the Negro and Puerto Rican communities has improved. In 1965, he won about one-third of the votes cast in black and Puerto Rican precincts. A recent Oliver Quayle survey shows that today he could get up to half of their votes. The city's ticket-balancing tradition is being respected by the mayor. An Italian Republican will run with him for Controller. For President of the City Council, Lindsay has picked a Democratic, Jewish ex-police inspector! The hostile reception given Lindsay by certain Brooklyn congregations indicates he has a "Jewish problem." The continuing controversy over decentralization of the public schools has ugly overtones of black anti-Semitism. Even so, the same Quayle survey shows that Lindsay can still expect a third of the Jewish votes, which is what he got in 1965 in predominantly Jewish areas.

Baseball Strikes Out

Celebrating its 100th anniversary this year, baseball – as ruled by the owners and played by the players – seems possessed of a dull-wish. Hitting is at an all-time low. Last year, the American League had only one batter above the .300 mark. The league batting average was .230, the lowest ever. Over-all, only 6.84 runs were scored per game last year, the lowest total since 1908. In a recent *Sporting News*, editor and publisher Johnson Spink viewed the situation and said: "The best way to bring hitting back in the game is by bringing better hitters into the game through a program of development at the high school, amateur summer and college levels."

But that would take money, and baseball owners are among the nation's scrimpingest businessmen. Since they see themselves in a mass-appeal, instant entertainment business, the way to overcome the drear of baseball is through showbiz tricks. Experiments were conducted this spring with a souped-up baseball "ten percent livelier," said the p.r. men. The Chicago White Sox management ordered the fences of Comiskey Park moved in 17 ft., because in 1968 the weakling Sox finished last in homers. Other changes include lowering the pitcher's mound from 15 to 10 inches and tightening up the strike zone. Frank Frisch, an old-timer, said last summer: "They say change this and change that, but what are you gonna do? The bums can't hit, that's all."

The fans are simply tiring of bleacher boredom. In games lasting three hours, often no more than 20 or 30 minutes is taken up with action. National League attendance has dropped over 3 million in two years. Last year, the Washington Senators, with a stadium capacity of 45,000, averaged only 3,400 customers a game: 542,000 for the whole season – a figure the National Football League comes close to matching for only one Sunday's play.

The buck-lust of the baseball owners, as well as their visionlessness, is seen in this year's expansion to 24 teams. There's not enough talent to supply a dozen teams, let alone two dozen. But guaranteed television money and hopeful of high hot dog sales, owners in low-population cities like San Diego, Seattle, Montreal, Kansas City now have a sizable part of the inaction. As for the owners of the non-expansion teams, they are delighted to see the new boys. It means money. This year, each regular American League team received $1,050,000 – $737,765 after taxes – for allowing two new teams into the league. The National League did better: $1.4 million each after taxes. The expansion windfall was the only thing that kept many teams in the black.

One of the sadder results of so many teams with so little talent is the decline of the diehard baseball fan.

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Stadiums are now peopled mostly with bland, uncheering, non-identifiers who show up to watch, not root. In Los Angeles, for example, the "rabid" fan is one who brings his transistor radio along to follow the game. Ironically, it is the LA Dodgers who once commanded the most loyal, verbal and alert fans ever – when they were the Brooklyn Dodgers. Announcer Red Barber was not using a metaphor when he used to call the Brooklyn fans, *the Faithful*. Going to Ebbets Field *was* a religious experience: one's faith was tested whenever Jackie Robinson tried to steal home; fans openly prayed that Peewee Reese would single home the winning run when he came up in the bottom of the ninth; one exercised his faith in the power of the individual against evil forces when Roy Campanella spanked one into Flatbush; one stood up to be counted when Leo Durocher (in his pre-Aamco days) challenged the blind umpire. Then came the sinister Move Out of 1957, and Brooklyn has had nothing to believe in since.

The fan in Atlanta knows that the Braves play there only because a few years ago they began losing money in Milwaukee, just as the Milwaukee fan knew the Braves left Boston years earlier because the money dried up there also. The fan, whether in Atlanta or nearly anywhere, knows his home-town team is not really home-town: it's just there while the money lasts.

Paradoxically, the one team in either league that still brings in the diehard fan is the New York Mets, the least likely ever to make the World Series. Baseball sociologists say the Mets are popular because they *don't* win. As the classic anti-team, they lose games by scores of 23-4, blow 6 run leads in the ninth inning, set strike-out records, finish last year after year. Teenagers around Flushing love them because the team symbolizes rebellion against the phony American value of winning. Intellectuals see the Mets as athletes of the absurd. Finally, many New Yorkers relish the Mets in open reaction to the Yankees: for years a colorless winner – and lately, under CBS ownership, a colorless loser – who never seemed to care whether they had fans or not. They were the champs and you had to honor them.

What can be done about baseball? Some say shorten the season from 162 games to half that. Others believe the game should be speeded up by having a 12-second rule on the pitchers, forcing them to throw in that time, or be charged with a ball. Some say move the pitcher's mound back a few feet. Actually, baseball is in no danger of going down as Big Business – advertisers would probably take over the game itself just to get 60 million consumers before the tube for the All-Star and World Series games, which is about how many sit there. But as a game of fun, excitement and identification, baseball may have had it.

Colman McCarthy

Death and the Doctors

Who Will Decide Who Is to Live?

Many have commented on the problem of death in an advanced medical technology, but none so directly and authoritatively as The Ad Hoc Committee of the Harvard Medical School to Examine the Definition of Brain Death. (Their Report appears as a Special Communication in the August 5, 1968 issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association.) The committee's deliberations pass beyond the narrow medical question of "irreversible coma" and put in issue what is decided for the patient and who is deciding it.

Before medical research had developed respirators, heart pacemakers and medications for maintaining blood pressure, and before it was possible to transplant organs such as the heart, which must be taken fresh from the donor, there was little concern among physicians about how to define death. If any one vital body system failed, for instance the respiratory system, then the other vital systems, including the nervous and circulatory systems, would follow within three to five minutes. It was not possible, as it is now, to maintain breathing with a respirator when the nerve center controlling respiration had failed, nor was it possible to maintain circulation with a heart pump, or with drugs that keep up blood pressure, when the brain or heart or lungs had failed. Last spring, taking all of this into account, the Committee rejected the traditional definition of death as the cessation of all vital body functions and asked that attention be focused on one vital function, brain life, recommending that the patient be declared dead when the indications of brain life disappeared. No way has been found to replace destroyed brain tissue or to cause it to mend.

The Committee's report begins by stating two reasons for redefining death: first, a great burden rests on patients who suffer loss of intellect, on their families, and on the hospitals, which need the bed space; and, secondly, there is controversy over the standards now observed in obtaining organs for transplantation. The inference is that by updating death, the suffering of patient and family will be relieved, the hospital will have more bed space, and organs will be freed for transplantation. Dr. Henry K. Beecher, Dorr Professor of Research in Anaesthesia and chairman of the committee, frequently repeats the statistic that at the known average hospital stay of two weeks, over the course of a year 26 patients who are in need of hospitialization cannot be admitted if the space is occupied by an unsalvageable patient.

Today public controversies abound over the taking of organs for transplantation. The Committee is anx-

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ious, from a medical point of view, at least, that the question be resolved in favor of the surgeon who carefully verifies brain death but proceeds to remove the organ from the donor before his lungs and heart cease to function. Here we enter a field of very unsettled social, legal and even medical opinion. The public looks uncomfortably on the image of the still breathing donor yielding up his heart or kidney, although it looks with approval upon the dramatic reversal of a terminal illness by transplantation. Under a strict interpretation of the law, it is murder, even in these circumstances, to deprive a person of the life that remains to him. Perhaps in deference to public opinion and legal uncertainty, perhaps out of a belief that conservative medical practice is correct, some transplant surgeons have waited until all vital signs ceased before removing the organ, even though the delay made the organ less viable for transplantation. The question of the proper moment to remove the heart from the donor was raised at a summer conference in Capetown, of surgeons engaged in heart transplantation, where some surgeons favored a standard of donor death that would allow removal of the heart before it stopped of its own accord, while others, notable among them Dr. Denton Cooley, the most respected of American heart transplant surgeons, favored natural cessation of the donor heart before removal. Yet some surgeons who read Dr. Cooley's technical account of his transplant technique in the August 12, 1968 *Journal of the AMA* are unclear about his position. They wondered about the following statement: "In each instance the donor was moved to the operating room many hours after cerebral occurred. Cardiac activity still persisted assisted by mechanical pulmonary ventilation and by vasopressors and other infusions. When circulation and cardiac action finally failed, heparin sodium, 3 mg/kg, was given and a median sternotomy incision was performed." The difficulty is that if circulation had stopped, then how was the heparin sodium circulated so that it could take effect? Whatever Dr. Cooley's exact position or explanation, there is still uneasiness and some medical difference of opinion over the proper time to declare the donor dead and remove the organ. This difference of opinion is deepened by the recent decision of the AMA to warn against transplantation until it is more defensible on medical grounds.

Physicians maintain that uniquely medical questions are involved here, that they should be answered by those whom training and professional insight have equipped to provide the correct answers. In the exercise of their duty they feel that they are hampered by the intrusions of lay people (chiefly journalists and lawyers) who misunderstand both the high standards of medical practice involved and the unique qualities of judgement that physicians possess. Professor Brewer wrote in the September 2, 1968 issue of the *AMA Journal:* "Who would get the seldom-available transplant? This is a problem that should be solved by clinicians and not lay groups. . . . Thus there has always been a reliance upon the basic wisdom and integrity of the physician." But in choosing between two housewives with defunct kidneys, who are in the same general state of health, is a physician more competent than a layman to select one for dialysis? Even the medical staff at one Seattle hospital does not think so; there, a lay panel decides.

As needless as the encroachment may seem, if we are to establish decision-making procedures that point to the best use of the advances of medical science, physicians must face more and more challenges to their absolute right to decide. What to physicians may appear to be the most specialized advances, thus definitely medical in nature, may present society with the broadest kind of fundamental problems.This is not to say that after policy decisions are argued out in committees, on public forums and if necessary before legislatures, that a committee should decide whether to turn off respirators. Nothing could be worse than to bureaucratize and diffuse decisions even more than they already are in this early team-age society. But there are ways to educate individual decisions-makers, or to threaten them, or to encourage them to consult a variety of persons before shouldering individual responsibility.

The opinion of the Harvard committee on brain death is not clearly right or wrong; the question is still open, and before it can be answered adequately the best thoughts of many, including theologians, philosophers, economists and jurists, along with physicians, must be heard. "Therapeutic" abortion frequently involves personal, social and economic questions which superficial attention to the danger to the mother's "health" obscures; artificial insemination raises questions that the physician realizes are not exclusively medical; "mental health" will always involve threats to individuality and privacy, which psychiatrists acting alone may overlook.

The most interesting problems for medicine and society lie in genetics. Deciphering the genetic code is prelude to reduplicating it synthetically, and with the task of deciphering already well advanced, we may look to programming better bodies and better minds for distant generations. But what is better and what is worse? This certainly is not merely a question for biologists and physicians, any more than the atomic bomb was just a question for physicists and generals.

Fred Anderson

MR. ANDERSON *has law degrees from Oxford and Harvard universities. An article by him,* The Physician, the Terminal Patient and the Law *appears in the June* Journal of the International Society of Law and Science.

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Putting the Heat On Mr. Nixon

by John Osborne

At the turn of March into April, the Nixon White House was on the defensive for the first time since the President took office. His assistants sensed and said that he was "feeling the heat" from Congress and from the press for some convincing action, legislative and executive, on the domestic front. They also sensed, and loyally tried to conceal, a certain indecision in the President himself; a tendency, continuing in the third month of his Administration, to grasp at one excuse after another to postpone his choices among alternatives that had, in many instances, been pretty well defined for him before inauguration.

Outwardly as cool and calm as ever, Mr. Nixon had begun to blame others, including the senior dignitary on his staff, Counsellor Arthur F. Burns, for defects in the Presidential decision process and to seek, by changes in that process, to make the appearance of White House order and efficiency the reality that it had never actually been. Bryce N. Harlow, one of the few assistants who knew what Washington was like before the President brought them to the White House in January, perceived a rising unease among his associates and tried to allay it with assurances that less had been accomplished in the initial months of the first Eisenhower term than in the first Nixon months. Another assistant with past knowledge of Washington, former Congressman Robert Ellsworth of Kansas, already wanted out and was said to be impatiently awaiting an ambassadorship. Mr. Nixon's in-house Democrat, former Assistant Secretary of Labor Daniel P. Moynihan, was in such obvious doubt that a defensible program in his field of urban affairs would at last emerge that some people were wondering how long he would stick with the Administration. It had to be and was said for him that he knew "the worst that could happen" in the way of an urban effort short of his hopes and was prepared to live with it and Mr. Nixon until further notice.

The word during the week of April 7 was that things would be changing when this is read. Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler, the President's faithful oral reflector, quoted Mr. Nixon to the effect that the work of preparing a domestic program was "moving along as he intended it to move along" and that "we are now moving into the final decision period on these matters." The results, in messages to Congress and in executive announcements, would begin to appear as soon as Congress returned from its Easter recess on April 14. But the only certainty, the only firm decision last week was that there would be no inclusive "package of domestic legislation." In what form to present "the overall domestic program" was also undecided, although Counsellor Burns had prepared and taken to the President, at his Florida retreat in Key Biscayne for the Easter season, the draft outline of a broad program. Burns' session there with the President – along with Harlow, Moynihan, HEW Secretary Robert H. Finch and White House Counsel John Ehrlichman – produced a statement by Ronald Ziegler that perfectly mirrored the mood around Mr. Nixon as he approached what his Press Secretary called "that decision point." Ziegler said:

"I am sure the President, based upon these conversations and the conversations that have preceded these and conversations that will follow these, the President will be making decisions. I am sure he has decisions in his mind as to what course he is going to follow on a domestic program. But . . . when you are analyzing anything or discussing anything new, you want to seek all points of view and get all the thinking that there is available before you make a final decision. This is the process that the President is going through."

The process is intended to develop legislative proposals that are more corrective than innovative; to overhaul, partly by amendment of present laws and partly by administrative action, welfare and other social programs that Nixon and his advisers consider to have been hastily and badly conceived and, on the whole, to have failed to deliver anything near all that their beneficiaries were promised and that American society requires. There is a search, made imperative by the overriding need to counter inflation with a big budget surplus in the next fiscal year and curtailed federal expenditures, for remedial measures that will cost as little as possible. A controlling assumption is that no major social legislation can be put through Congress in time to be effective before 1970-71, at the earliest, and in some instances – such as proposals to bring welfare payments up to a minimum and decent national level – before 1972-73. The assumption is probably realistic, but it encourages delay in the name of prayerful study of the options offered the President before he chooses and acts.

Mr. Nixon's insistence that controversial proposals be thoroughly checked out with key legislators of both parties before he commits himself to anything may be nothing more than the "practical politics" that it is claimed to be, but it also makes for delay. Even while telling the press on April 7 that action and plenty of it was near at hand, the President's spokesman took care to say, "I wouldn't want to put a date on anything." The next day, knocking down reports that a revised Model Cities program had been adopted, he emphasized that "there's been no final decision by the President on this or any other program."

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Only a state of nerves not previously evident at the Nixon White House could explain the botched announcement of a plan to concentrate $200 million-plus of previously appropriated funds upon a belated clean-up and renewal of riot-ruined areas in 20 or more cities. At a press session staged next to Nixon's office, Moynihan persisted in calling it "new money" when it wasn't new and attempted, rather awkwardly, to becloud the patent fact that a portion of the funds had to be diverted from other urban programs in order to make the showing wanted by the President. Nixon's assertion in a written (and garbled) statement that he had "made funds available" compounded the impression of a contrived effort and marred an otherwise laudable move to prod city authorities toward action that, as the President and Moynihan said, should have been taken months and, in some places, years ago. The long inaction, they said, demonstrated "the impotence of modern government at all levels," and they intended with this program, sadly mangled though it was at the start, to dramatize the President's determination to improve governmental performance "at all levels."

Nixon concluded in early March, after his return from Europe, that the performance at his own level could stand considerable improvement. The staff assistance that he was getting on the domestic side of his affairs seemed to him to be inferior to what he was getting from his reorganized and enlarged national security staff through its chief, Henry A. Kissinger. By comparison with the profusion of ideas, analysis and advice pouring in upon him from the domestic departments and agencies through the assistants who were supposed to put it all in order for his perusal, the flow of foreign-policy paper through Kissinger alone seemed to be marvelously well arranged. What he needed, the President decided, was comparable coordination of the domestic flow. He assigned the task of accomplishing it to John Ehrlichman, a Seattle lawyer who has done campaign work for him since the 1950's and is the White House Counsel.

So went the agreed account. One version of it (in an Evans-Novak column) had it that Ehrlichman had thus been vested with great influence and that his friend and the President's nominal Chief of Staff, H. R. "Bob" Haldeman, had lost much face. This interpretation exaggerated Haldeman's prior role and missed the point of and reason for Ehrlichman's expanded role. Haldeman, contrary to the general impression, had always been concerned more with the form than with the substance of the domestic proposals and recommendations routed through him and his staff to the President. What Nixon actually missed and sought was a check that he felt he had not been getting upon the substance – the basic adequacy – of the domestic policy papers coming to him. He also felt that the oral explanations and arguments which supplement the papers could be improved. The important paper still flows through Haldeman and a staff headed by his young assistant, staff secretary Kenneth Cole. But it goes now to Ehrlichman and *his* staff before it finally reaches the President, and Nixon looks to Ehrlichman for assurance that the written material is in sufficient and actionable order.

The assistant chiefly affected by the change is not Haldeman but Arthur Burns, a distinguished economist who alone among the Nixon helpers has Cabinet status. At the time of his appointment as Counsellor in January, he was charged by the President with "the coordination of the development of my domestic policies and programs." He has labored prodigiously, he still has the President's confidence and ready access to Nixon. But the arrangement has not worked as well as Burns and his own assistants seem to think it has. Among his many other chores, Burns has prepared and fired off to various federal agencies more than 100 demands for review of old policies and practices and for new ideas. The inquirer is told by other Presidential assistants, including some who have profound respect for Burns, that the response to these directives has been slow and, in Nixon's view, seriously inadequate. The President has turned to Ehrlichman for more vigorous followups, including when necessary flat orders to the department and agency officials concerned to get off their duffs and answer the Nixon inquiries with satisfactory speed.

Changes and adjustments of this kind occur with every new Presidency and any brief account of them can do injustice to the people involved, the President included. The predominant impression conveyed at the Nixon White House is still that this President is supported by a remarkably amicable group. The senior dozen or so among his assistants have been meeting since early March every morning, Monday through Friday, at 7:45 o'clock, in a staff conference conducted by Haldeman. The purpose is to see to it that everybody working for the President knows what everybody is up to. The inevitable rivalries, the rise or decline of this or that individual in the President's favor, are never evident at these meetings. All is friendly. There are jokes. "I wouldn't have believed that I could laugh at anything at that hour," one of the participants said the other day, "but I do." And he added, staring at his skeptical caller, "It really is fun working here, you know – working for Dick."

NEXT WEEK

Spring Book Number

reviews, essays, poems

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Thorns on the Yellow Rose of Texas

by Robert Coles and Harry Huge

About as much cotton is grown in Texas as in India, which is the world's second largest producer. Texas sends the most beef to our markets. It offers up our chief supply of oil (about half the country's yearly supply). A huge chemical industry flourishes near Houston. Wheat production is very substantial; the same goes for corn, rice and peanuts. Texas is a large turkey-raising state; its land is grazed by thousands and thousands of sheep and goats; it yields enormous amounts of magnesium, sulpher, natural gas and bromine. In large cities like Dallas and Houston, the state has institutions that accompany all that wealth: well-run banks and insurance companies, well-known theaters and private museums, well-supported medical centers and private secondary schools, prosperous department stores whose buyers travel to London, Paris.

There's an unusual richness of social and cultural traditions as well. Counties along the Rio Grande are heavily Mexican and Catholic. The southeastern section is very much a part of the South. A quarter of the nation's rice is grown there. Near Corpus Christi millions of waterfowl from all over North America choose to winter. The people on the Gulf Coast and to the north, in the so-called "piney woods" section, are also Southern: Protestant, tied to one another the way rural people are, but also deeply divided racially. Further north and to the west, white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant fundamentalism loses whatever softening a warm and wet climate provides. The land becomes dry, the countryside more austere, and the people sternly, insistently Baptist. In Waco, right in the center of the state, 66 Baptist churches are needed by a population of about 100,000.

W. R. Poage, Chairman of the House Agriculture Committee proudly calls Waco his home. The 11-county district that he has represented in Washington since 1936 is doing just fine. His counties and dozens of others in Texas don't need a lot of new-fangled social legislation meant to feed the hungry and give them money and work. In Poage's words: "From my limited knowledge of nutrition I would assume that it was true that many Americans suffer from an improper diet, but the problem there is one of education and of personal decisions. It differs greatly from the inability of citizens to secure either through gainful employment or public relief enough nutrients."

William Robert Poage wrote those words in a letter to county health officers all over the nation. He asked whether those health officers have "any personal knowledge of any serious hunger" in their counties, the kind of hunger that is "occasioned by inability of the individual to either buy food or receive public assistance." The replies came back from all over, and in a chorus they said no, there isn't any serious hunger or malnutrition among Americans. One doctor in Texas didn't mince words: "I am very sorry that the poor have become a political football, because the kicking around does them more harm than good. I am persuaded that it is only by learning and working that people can better themselves. Giving them 'things' and doing things for them can only make them weak." In Limestone County, part of Poage's district, the health officer shunned such long, philosophical discussions. His reply was the shortest one received: "I have had no cases of starvation or malnutrition reported to my office." The health officer of Milam County, also in Poage's district, insisted that "the general health of the people in the county is good and that in my private practice I have not had the opportunity to treat any patient with any of these conditions." He had earlier said: "Not a single death [in the county] was *ascribed* [italics ours] to malnutrition or any disease caused by any dietary deficiency."

Recently we traveled around Poage's district. We went to Milam County and Limestone County and Robertson County (which connects them). We went to Waco, in McLennan County and to small towns nearby or not-so-nearby – Sunrise, Hearne. We started in San Antonio, which is only a few hours' drive from Mr. Poage's territory. Located midway between the Atlantic and Pacific, San Antonio is the first large city north of the Rio Grande, and in 1960 its some 700,000 people were about half "anglo" and half of Mexican descent (41.7 percent) or black (7 percent). There's an excellent system of freeways, a fine new library, a new convention center, new office buildings and hotels, a river that works its way through the heart of the business district and is lined with cafes, restaurants, stores and even an outdoor theater, all very European in at-

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mosphere; and not the least, a few old and graceful buildings in the Spanish missions (San Jose, Espada) whose arches, courtyards, aqueducts and beautifully wrought facades remind us that not all "culture" comes from England by way of New England.

There is another San Antonio, much of it on the city's West Side, which is predominantly Mexican-American. No outsiders like us have to come there and make a lot of mean, wild, reckless charges; the office of San Antonio's city manager has bluntly and extensively described the *barrios* in an application to the Department of Housing and Urban development "for a grant to plan a comprehensive city demonstration program." The city officials acknowledge that there is a "San Antonio where 28 percent of the families have incomes of less than $3,000 a year, and where over 6 percent of the families have annual incomes of less than $1,000" – the latter figure almost incredible for an urban center. "The need for physical improvements . . . may best be described as total," the city manager says. "The environmental deficiencies have their effect on every aspect of the residents' lives."

What San Antonio's officials spell out we saw: unpaved, undrained streets; homes without water; homes with outdoor privies; homes that are nothing but rural shacks packed together in an urban ghetto that comprises only 8 percent of San Antonio's land area but whose residents must put up with far higher percentages of suffering – 32.3 percent of the city's infant deaths, 44.6 percent of its tuberculosis and well over half of its midwife deliveries. After we had gone from home to home on one street we began to realize that in almost every way thousands of people are walled off – as in the ghettos once present in Europe. The white people we met, rarely go "over there," as one lawyer put it, and the Mexican-Americans rarely leave except to seek out work, which often enough they don't find: "Yes, we came up here to San Antonio because we thought surely in a city we could find work, but we can't. My husband looks all over but finds work nowhere. He is sad, very sad, and sometimes he says life is not worth living. We would all starve to death if I didn't go wash the floors, in the bank, and thank God for my mother, that she is here to care for my children. You ask how much money we have for ourselves every week. I'm afraid not enough: sometimes it is $25, and sometimes less and sometimes up to $40, when my husband and me both can find something to do. My sister, she's here, too; and she is very sick with her lungs and can't work. If the priests didn't help her and her children, they would all starve to death. Her husband can't find work, and they told him to go home, the welfare people did, and keep looking for a job. Maybe if our men left us, we could get relief, but they won't leave. I pray every day that it will all get better, but I'll be honest and tell you, I don't believe there is much hope, no sir, not until the Next World. I've lost three of my children, and when I cry about it, I quickly remind myself that they must be happier where they are. No, a midwife helped me out, right here. I don't think I've ever seen a doctor for more than a minute. I haven't the money, and they're not around here to see; and the hospital is way away, and how can we get there; and if it's life-or-death, like with my babies it was, each time, because they were sick – well the priest, he got us there, but it was too late, and the nurse, she said we should take better care of ourselves, and go get some help someplace, though she didn't know where."

Albert Pena is one of Bexar County's four Commissioners (San Antonio is in Bexar County) and was born in those barrios and still lives there. We asked him where this woman could go for help. "There's nothing the poor here can do," he said, "except try to make their voices heard, and it's not easy by any stretch. They've gerrymandered the city so that the Mexican-Americans have one Congressman and the rest of the city shares two others. They won't let our children speak Spanish in school; instead they tell them right away, in the first grade, they have to learn English and be graded by the way they speak it – mind you, the children are six or seven and have been speaking Spanish all their lives. The children are scared and confused; soon they drop out, by the thousands they do. As for welfare and public assistance, it's almost unbelievable. Over 100,000 people in the county make below $2,000 a year, but only about 20,000 people get public assistance, and *less* than that have been allowed to take part in the Agriculture Department's food program."

We went to see Joe Bernal, the only Mexican-American in the state's senate. (There are a million and a half Mexican-Americans in Texas.) An active, outspoken, basically joyful man, he gave us a stern and somber lecture. He reminded us that Texas, unlike any other state, sets a constitutional limit on the amount of funds that can be spent for public assistance. Despite the natural population growth, despite inflationary pressures that have reduced the value of the dollar, there is no way to increase welfare payments or even hold payments to their present levels without excluding all new applicants – unless the voters agree to raise the ceiling on welfare funds, which in 1968 the voters refused to do. As a result grants to the poor are going down and will be going down further – the latest cut to go into effect May 1. Estimates of what is to come have a family of 4 or more children getting under $100 a month. Since rents are fixed and often half or more of that figure, the amount available for food is obvious. Families get no supplemental allowances – no money to travel to a hospital, no money for

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drugs, no clothing issues, bus tokens, shelter provisions.

Senator Bernal told us about another one of his state's laws. Section 288 of the Texas Penal Code, passed in 1933, makes it illegal for teachers, principals and superintendents to teach or conduct school business in any language except English, except when they are teaching a foreign language to English-speaking students. All textbooks must be in English. The state's two voices of enlightenment in Washington, D. C., Senator Ralph Yarborough, who authored the first bilingual education legislation introduced in the Congress, and Rep. Bob Eckhardt of Houston, recently cosponsored and helped become law the Bilingual Education Bill. It aims to help schools in, say, Texas or California teach Mexican-American children how to read and write English as well as Spanish. Next to California, the various school districts of Texas have sent in more requests for funds under this new Bilingual Education Law than districts in any other state – but all to no avail unless the state legislature acts.

Men like Commissioner Pena and Senator Bernal are intelligent, tough, and lonely. Few of their people have risen high in office; every day there is a new indignity, a new outrage to fight: the Texas Rangers, a virtual law unto themselves, and the way they intimidate and manhandle farm hands trying to follow the lead of Cesar Chavez; the absurd welfare laws; the severe unemployment among Mexican-Americans; the insulting educational practices that lead to almost unbelievable statistics – for example, 52 percent of all Mexican-Americans in Texas over 25 finished only 4 years of school, and a mere 11 percent went to high school. The city manager of San Antonio admits that 44.3 percent of the Mexican-Americans under his jurisdiction are "functionally illiterate." The 1960 census showed that 20 percent of adult Mexican-Americans in Bexar County: "have not completed any years of school at all."

Things are changing, though. We met a number of young men who intend to follow the lead of Albert Pena and Joe Bernal, who speak of *La Raza* (roughly, a prideful way to signify the Mexican-American "people") and insist upon the rights and power that must be won for some five million citizens who live mainly in the Southwest. One youth put it this way: "We've been quiet. A lot of us have been afraid to speak up. We've been content to go to church and pray, and be happy we have our family together, as bad as it is. Some people here, if you talk with them, you find they're afraid they'll be sent to Mexico, or something like that, if they start protesting like the black man has been doing. But something is happening, I can tell you. If you look into it, you'll see that our people are organizing – in Los Angeles and New Mexico and here in Texas, too. They're breaking loose from the anglos, and from our own bosses, who work with them and are just as bad as the anglos are. It won't take as long as some people think before we're really on the march."

North of San Antonio one meets up with gently rolling hills, small but full rivers, scrub oaks. Austin rises out of the prairie, but a few moments later the countryside is once again quiet, even desolate except for cows and chickens and an occasional scarecrow. We approached Congressman Poage's territory from the south and west. In Hearne we interviewed some of the Congressman's constituents: Mexican-Americans, blacks, whites. "Up here we're white, not anglo," a grocer told us. "You know why? The Mexicans are thinning out, and the Negroes, they're getting thicker. I've been through Alabama and Mississippi, because I was stationed there during the war, in Montgomery, and I'll tell you, around here it's like there – not completely, but a lot so. To tell the truth, I prefer it like that – rather than like you find it up in New York and Philadelphia. I've also been to both of those places, and the colored there, they're fat and sassy. They think they own the world, that everything's coming to them for free. You see it on television all the time, the way they're pushing on us, pushing all the time. I'll say this about our colored folks down here, they're a lot better. They'll only do what they *have* to, of course – but at least they're not marching down our streets asking for this and that and everything."

Actually, the blacks and Mexican-Americans of Hearne have a hard enough time walking down their own streets, which are unpaved and on occasion hard to drive through, let alone march down. Near the 79 Hi Cafe we crossed the railroad tracks and entered the city's black section. The inevitable shacks were there – mounted on cement blocks, full of cracks, lucky if tin roofs covered them and if a somewhat decent privy stood nearby and if a boardwalk made the last steps into or out of the house a half-way easy job. An earlier rain had settled into muddy ditches, which were everywhere. We asked a number of people how things go for them, and from one man heard the following: "We don't have heat here, except for the stove; and no water running, not inside the house, only in the streets. Plenty runs there though – yes it does. So, I guess it's hard, but isn't it always? The first thing I remember my mother told me, it must have been 35 years ago or so, was never to expect much, just be glad if you stay alive. That's what I tell my kids. No sir, we don't have food stamps, but there's commodities, if you're good and lucky and they says it's o.k., the welfare people. I don't get welfare, and I don't want it if I can help it. I try to get by through the small jobs I get, one this week, then maybe one the next. If it's a good week I'll get $50, but most of the time, I confess, it's half that. You don't get rich that way, I guess; but there's no use complaining. There's

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no one to complain to, anyway. You go downtown and they'll throw you in jail fast as can be if you do that."

Downtown, the town of Hearne has railroad tracks and railroad cars and a bank called The Planters and Merchants State Bank and a movie-house which featured *Night of the Living Dead* and a black business section in which one sees Pentecostal churches and men walking the streets in overalls and cowboy hats. Not far away is the large Hearne Cotton Compress Company, which receives cotton from gins in Robertson County and presses the bales and ships them out.

It is all very interesting and educational for people like us, but not so good for thousands of people whose way-of-life does perhaps explain why Rep. W. R. Poage of Texas and Rep. Jamie Whitten of Mississippi think and vote so much alike and become similarly enraged when those bleeding-heart liberals from the North start talking so emotionally about "hunger" and "malnutrition" and all the rest. In Robertson County, just outside Hearne, and again in Limestone County, we asked several members of the middle class who should know (because each runs a grocery store) whether children go hungry and become malnourished because their parents cannot afford the right amount and kind of food. "Well sir," replied one grocer, "I don't think they're really hungry. No, they get a lot of coke and they love Kool-Aid. They take to starches, too. I'm not sure which is the cart and which is the horse, though. The cheapest things are your soft drinks and your starches – bread and things like that. It *is* expensive to buy meat and fresh vegetables, especially in the winter time. We don't have food stamps here, just the commodities, and I'll admit, I couldn't get my family to eat that stuff day after day, all that flour and cornmeal. I think a lot of those people are just lazy, but if you ask me where they can find good jobs here, I'd have to admit it's not so easy. I know, because my kid brother came back from Vietnam and he didn't just find work ready and waiting, and he's – well, he's not a nigra and not a Mexican. I'll admit it's easier for us, but in this country if a man really wants to work, he'll go and do it. He'll sacrifice and pray hard and somehow he'll get ahead. I believe that. Of course, if a child is hungry, and he's not getting the right food, then he should be fed. But his parents owe it to him to get off their rear ends and work, and if they can't find any, they should go some place else and get a job there. My father, he came here from Louisiana. Yes sir, there wasn't work there, so he came here, that's right."

We found him kind, helpful, even generous with us. He wanted to tell us about the town, his county, even show it all to us – the rich land, the flowers just beginning to appear, the open, courteous quality of the people he brought us to meet. Meet them we did – and found them sturdy, stubborn, God-fearing, possessed of a curious and almost uncanny mixture of pride, aloofness and friendliness. They all fought as hard with themselves, with their conflicted sensibilities, as we did with the logic of their various assertions. Yes, children are innocent and need to be fed; but no, we cannot coddle people. Yes, there is plenty of misery around; but no, special "favors" (we heard that word over and over again) simply cannot be granted. Yes, some people really do need help; but no, the only help we ought to get has to come from God and our own exertions.

So we left and drove on, past signs that urge each and every driver to "Get Right with God," signs that straddle twenty centuries, like "Christ Is the Answer-Wrecking Service." In Waco and the rest of McLennan County, Congressman Poage's home county, it is the same story – prosperity and misery. ("Waco is in trouble . . . Almost 30 percent of Waco's buildings are substandard," says the city's chief official in his Model Cities application to the federal government.) Once again the blacks are found living near the railroad tracks, on unpaved Harlem Ave. Once again the effort is made to speak with reasonably prosperous white people, and once again they reach out for understanding and compassion, but suddenly stop and with a remark or two summarize this nation's ambiguities: "Why can't we get rid of our slums, here in Waco and every other place? I believe in justice, and so does everyone I know. You'd think a lot of our poor folk, they'd be doing better by now, with all the prosperity we've had since the Depression. Maybe they just don't care, don't really *want* to better themselves."

The masked lady of justice – scales in hand – stands on top of the McLennan County Court House in Waco, there to be seen for miles around. Nearby the Baptist churches fight it out with Sophia Loren, one of whose movies is in town for the weekend. Nearby, people live decently and comfortably, and live lives that eventually get to make up a bundle of dry statistics: in Limestone County almost half the population makes less than $3,000 a year, and a quarter makes less than $2,000, but only 1,681 people get public assistance and 1,947 get commodity foods – and the infant mortality rate is 42.4, double the nation's rate. In Robertson County the same figures hold. In McLennan County – because of Waco it is called 80 percent urban – nearly a third of the population makes less than $3,000 a year, 7 percent less than $1,000, but only one-sixth of those who make less than $2,000 are permitted to take part in the commodity food program.

There are, other statistics, more encouraging ones. The *Texas Almanac* declares that the same Limestone County has been found to have one of the state's major oil fields, with an estimated volume of over 100-

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million barrels. All that oil makes money, of course, and the Securities and Exchange Commission has on file the earnings of some oil companies that operate in Texas. Texaco had a net income of $754,386,000 in 1967; Gulf managed to reap $578,287,000 that year and Sinclair Oil Company a modest $95,322,000. At the same time, as of November 1968, Texas – whose large cities and industrial wealth make it comparable to Michigan and Pennsylvania – ranks 47th among states in welfare payments per recipient, ahead of only South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi, which have no such wealth. As for Mr. Poage's Congressional district, during 1966, $244,000 in food assistance money came into the 11 counties from the Agriculture Department, but one-tenth of one percent of the people in the district – a handful of rich farmers – managed to get $5,318,892 in various benefits from that same Agriculture Department. Still, as the grocer insisted, "oil and crops are our big, important businesses here, and you've got to support them. You can't interfere with them, because then you're down the road to socialism."

We have travelled hundreds of miles down the roads of that grocer's native state, and it turns out he has nothing to worry about. The miserable, wretched roads and the first-rate, well-paved ones cover different territory, and few people in Texas are interfering with anything very big or important.

Indonesia: the Greatest Prize

by Alex Campbell

Djakarta

I

Though they gained their independence from the Dutch 20 years ago by fighting for it, the Indonesians have yet to demonstrate that they can produce a leadership capable of meeting the challenges of the modern world. President Sukarno built national monuments and can also be credited with building a united nation. The other islands are no longer likely to break away from Java where 70 percent of the people live, though this was threatened at one time and is still a possibility. But Sukarno almost totally neglected the country's economic problems, and even added to them with his princely extravagances. The bill has fallen due in the period of President Suharto.

Meanwhile, numbers of carpetbaggers as well as honest businessmen have descended on Djakarta, attracted by tales of oil and mineral wealth still untapped, and by the prospect of making big, quick profits in a backward country that is at the moment in no position to lay down strict terms for permitting foreigners to exploit its natural resources. The tactful way the American Embassy chooses to describe this phenomenon is to say that the businessmen and bankers who crowd the glittering *Indonesia Hotel* in Djakarta are "savoring the spirit of confidence engendered by" the Suharto regime's "relatively liberal investment policies." Only 10 percent of the capital of a private joint venture need be Indonesian, and the state is prepared to concede half the ownership of its enterprises to foreigners. With the country's infrastructure of roads and other facilities far gone in decay, no cash in the treasury, and millions of unemployed, Indonesia is poorly placed for hard bargaining. Nevertheless, even the foreign visitor, though far less than the indigenous Indonesian, winces at the carpetbagger behavior he witnesses in the lobby of the *Indonesia*. "Let's go, boy!" cries the huge American in the colored sports shirt, snapping his fingers at a diminutive Indonesian who is loaded down with the American's baggage. The Indonesian follows meekly at the heels of the buoyant white giant. His thoughts may be less meek. The Indonesian authorities' hope is that once serious exploitation of the oil and minerals has begun, exuberant Americans and other foreigners engaged in the business will be out of sight of the Indonesian public most of the time, in their camps and compounds in the interior jungles, or along the seashores. Meanwhile, the foreigners are both visible and overpowering.

The Dutch ran Indonesia on a two-economy theory. There was the export economy, which mainly benefitted Holland, not Indonesia; and there was the subsistence economy, which was for the natives, who were expected to be content with rice and white man's medicine, and not to crave for either a share of political

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power or higher education. The Indonesian government will try to prevent this sort of thing occurring again. But it does want the Americans to develop oil, the Japanese to cut timber and to fish, and the Canadians and others to dig for nickel, copper and bauxite. As many as 20 American companies are anxious to secure the oil. There is excited talk of new offshore finds transforming Indonesia into another Middle East. In order to prevent the foreigners' getting all the benefits, Major-General Ibnu Sutowo, the president-director of Pertamina, the state oil and mining company, proposes taxing the foreign oil companies at a fairly high rate (65 percent) and also arranging for gradual transfer of the oil-rich territories into wholly Indonesian hands. The general is also looking after number one. For a country that for the past 3½ years has been run by the army, Indonesia is remarkably outspoken. The critics of General Sutowo say that a good deal of the oil money is already finding its way into his own treasury. His daughter's costly wedding was the talk of Djakarta in March. It continued for days, there were thousands of guests, and the general had closed-circuit television installed in his huge home, as the only way by which he could watch the entire proceedings. The father of the groom artlessly exclaimed, "I did not realize my son was marrying a princess!"

The attitude of Western governments and the press to Indonesia has been two-edged since Sukarno's fall. It is right that the West has decided to come to Indonesia's economic aid and is trying to keep President Suharto on his feet. In October 1967 in *Foreign Affairs*, Richard Nixon wrote that "With its 100-million people and its 3,000-mile arc of islands containing the region's richest hoard of natural resources, Indonesia constitutes by far the greatest prize in the Southeast Asian area." But it was downright wicked to appear satisfied with the slaughter in 1966 of some 250,000 people in Indonesia. Subsequent events suggest that President Suharto would have been encouraged to put a firmer curb on his more fanatical anti-Communist supporters, had the West made clearer that cruel massacres of scores of thousands of men, women and children can never be condoned, whether or not the victims are (or are said to be) Communists.

Some scores of thousands are at this moment being held as political prisoners in camps all over the country. The government plans to send some 60,000 of them to forced labor on rubber plantations in Borneo. Perhaps 10,000 have already gone there. They are said to be dying like flies. Meanwhile, those still in the camps may be slowly dying of starvation; it could be deliberate policy. The government denies it, but informed Americans in Djakarta fear it is happening and have tried to persuade President Suharto to allow the prisoners to share American food shipments, which are not now urgently required by the Indonesian population; there has been a very good rice harvest. These American efforts have not so far succeeded. It is reported that the prisoners exist on a handful of rice a day, and that their relatives are forbidden to bring them more food. Though they are charged with having been members of the Indonesian Communist Party, the only crime committed by many of the prisoners seems to have been to shout allegedly Communist-inspired slogans, like "60 percent of the crop to the tenant, 40 percent to the landlord!" – a distribution as between sharecropper and landowner that in some countries would be regarded as barely equitable to the sharecroppers. Wives, children and other relatives are made to suffer too. All Indonesians have to carry identification cards that contain information about race, religion and occupation. The cards of the relatives of political detainees bear in addition a warning that they are suspected of having Communist sympathies. This usually means that they are refused jobs, or that they soon lose the jobs they have. That applies to the adults. The punishment of the children is to be refused admission to schools, on the argument that they might contaminate other children. Most of the social welfare agencies in Indonesia, private as well as public and including those in Djakarta, have refused to lift a finger to assist those children. Meanwhile, new suspects continue to be arrested and put in prison or otherwise disposed of, although the original Communist coup attempt occurred on September 30, 1965.

The authorities recently pounced on a poverty-stricken area in central Java, encircled it with troops and then carted off some hundreds or perhaps thousands of persons who were charged with planning another armed uprising. There have since been persistent reports that the army first tortured the suspects in order to extract information from them that enabled it to make further arrests, then handed over the people it had tortured to the civil guards, to be murdered. The civil guards are often fanatical Muslims and some of the detainees had, before capture, found temporary sanctuary in Christian churches. These reports caused the Netherlands government to withdraw an invitation it had extended to President Suharto to visit Holland this May. The Dutch rebuke apparently took the regime by surprise, but did not cause the political witch-hunt to be called off. It could go on almost indefinitely, for the Indonesian Communist Party claimed to have 12 million supporters, and most people credit it with at least 3 million.

II

The Indonesian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Adam Malik, is an urbane Asian statesman who in his youth belonged to a revolutionary Communist group. This awkward fact is not now widely known. His current opinions certainly do not strike a visitor as very revolutionary. He appears to have made up his

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mind, rather more than a year ago, that the United States is not going to "win" in Vietnam in the sense of achieving a military victory. He is perfectly willing for Indonesia to send a large military contingent to Vietnam—after the fighting stops, and in order to help keep the peace, as part of a United Nations operation. The real Indonesian motive would be to get at least a part of the country's 275,000-man army off the Indonesian budget and on to the budget of either the United Nations or the United States.

Like so many leading Asians, Malik does not believe that an imminent Chinese, Vietnamese, Soviet or other external Communist threat looms menacingly over his country. When Malik met his Thai counterpart, Thanat Khoman, the foreign minister of Thailand, he told that prominent anti-Communist politician that the way to fight Communism in northeast Thailand is to take land from big landlords and give it to poor peasants, the way the Communists promise to do; and that the best method of dealing with troubles in southern Thialand, where there are discontented Muslims, is to discuss their grievances with them and with Muslim Malaysia.

Mr. Malik suspects that in spite of all the blood and treasure that have been expended to prevent it, one day Vietnam will be reunited under Hanoi's rule. That event will no doubt encourage Communists elsewhere in Asia. But Malik also suspects that a Communist Vietnam is going to be anti-Chinese, and that Vietnam's ambitions to expand at the expense of its neighbors, Laos and Cambodia, are likely to be circumscribed by the Chinese.

Indonesia no longer has any quarrel with any of its immediate neighbors. Its feud with Singapore is regarded by both countries as best forgotten. There is no threat of a "confrontation" with Malaysia, which was former President Sukarno's last gimmick for attempting to rally his people and recover his fading popularity. Nor is Foreign Minister Malik inclined to give much credence to the Philippines' claim to Sabah, the portion of Borneo that is now politically part of Malaysia. Sabah voted to join Malaysia and is perfectly content with its choice.

The Indonesian foreign minister, in short, appears to envisage no military threat to his country or to Southeast Asia in the near future. And this confidence has emboldened Indonesia, which at the moment has a strong distaste for Communism in any shape or form, to turn away from Soviet Russia as well as China, and to turn toward the United States. The Russians are left somewhat bewildered; they severely criticized the Chinese for encouraging the Indonesian Communist Party's abortive coup in late 1965, and the Russians also supplied Indonesia with submarines and destroyers, bombers and interceptor aircraft, which General Suharto fell heir to after President Sukarno's downfall. The Russians likewise supplied light tanks, armored cars and other weapons that Suharto's army used to quell the local Communists, after the latter had killed some of the leading Indonesian generals. Nevertheless, in Djakarta today, the Russians, who were formerly applauded, are cold-shouldered, and the Americans, who used to be excluded, are made to feel warmly welcome. The reason is quite simple. Indonesia for the time being fears no external foe, therefore has little use for the Soviet arms except to mothball them or even try to sell them off to the Egyptians. But Indonesia does urgently need economic assistance and feels that the United States and other non-Communist countries are likelier to furnish reasonable amounts of aid without too many political strings.

The Western nations *are* doing something positive. Eleven countries beside the United States have formed themselves into an Inter-Governmental Group (IGG) to salvage the ruined Indonesian economy. In addition, the recently established Asian Development Bank is active, as is the World Bank, thanks mainly to the dynamic leadership of its president, Robert S. McNamara, who visited Indonesia to see for himself how things were, then dispatched an unprecedented resident mission of World Bank officials to Djakarta to work here for at least two years. The actual amount of foreign aid Indonesia is receiving from all those sources is modest, and in proportion to the size of the problem is miniscule. Still, the country in its present state probably cannot absorb any more than it is receiving. The US has wisely adopted what the Japanese call "a low posture," and has announced that it will not contribute more than one-third of the total of multilateral aid to Indonesia. From 1967 to the end of this year, American aid to Djakarta will amount to about $400 million. The aid, and the Indonesian government's own measures, have had some effect. Inflation is being brought gradually under control, and the value of the Indonesian rupiah has risen. The price that has been paid is a large credit squeeze, which has brought a great deal of Indonesian business to a standstill. The concrete evidences of this, in Djakarta, are a number of impressive but unfinished buildings on which work has had to be temporarily suspended. Inflation is now said to be "only" four percent a month, though the improvement may be due as much to a big rice crop this season as to draconian economic curbs on businesses.

This month the Indonesian government launches a five-year plan, for which it hopes to be able to borrow from abroad about $3 billion. This means that by the end of the plan period, in 1974, Indonesia will owe $6 billion instead of $3 billion, which is the sum of its foreign debt now. There is no prospect of the $3 billion that was borrowed earlier being repaid, unless Indonesia can be put back on its feet. The govern-

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ment hopes by 1974 to have raised farm output by 50 percent, and to have repaired the country's worn-out roads and neglected irrigation works. A peasantry that is earning more income (75 percent of Indonesians are still peasants) will, it is reckoned, buy more consumer goods, and this will furnish a base for expanding light industries. Eventually, Indonesia may be able to afford steel mills, which in the planners' calculations now come last instead of first. Their immediate target is more food; and in order to produce more food, it is proposed to double the amount of fertilizer produced locally, then if possible, double it again. The natural gas which is a by-product of oil production, will be very useful for producing nitrogen fertilizer. Indonesian peasants already have a tradition of helping one another, and it is hoped to apply this to cooperative marketing. The planners are also thinking in terms of enlarged trade in the "Pacific basin," between Indonesia and the fast-growing economies of Taiwan, Hong Kong, South Korea and Australia.

Indonesian economic planners have no difficulty working harmoniously with the "Harvard Group" of American economists who are in Djakarta, and with the Ford Foundation and World Bank, ADB and IGG. The Indonesian economists got their training mostly in the United States, either at Berkeley or Harvard. But the planners and their foreign allies are under no illusions about the difficulties they have set themselves. Indonesia has a fairly high population growth rate (about 2.7 percent); it is also a fruitful land. The main problems are political. It will be only possible to start utilizing Indonesia's large natural resources for the economic benefit of the people if a period of about five years of reasonable political stability can be guaranteed.

There are still between three and four million Chinese in Indonesia, and they are regarded with almost universal distrust. They are often accused of working for Peking or Taipei. The real grievance against them is that they are richer and work harder than the average Indonesian. In Djakarta it is explained quite frankly by government officials that "when a volcano erupts, or a river overflows, the people go out and kill some Chinese." Wise Indonesians feel that the solution of this problem is to strive to raise up Indonesian peasants, until they no longer feel inferior to Chinese. Then it will be easier for the two races to intermarry, as they now do in Thailand, and the local Chinese will cease to stand aloof from Indonesian culture and will become true Indonesians. Meantime, however, the Chinese are a target of attack by the discontented, especially the 3 1/2 million Indonesians who are unemployed and the other 14 million who are underemployed.

The hapless Chinese suffer most of all from Indonesian soldiers, who since General Suharto replaced Sukarno as president regard themselves, with considerable truth, as the real rulers of the country. There are about 400,000 men in uniform, including the police and the paramilitary forces as well as the army. The soldiers and the police are paid only about $10 a month, yet the military budget eats up more than 40 percent of the country's national budget of $600 million. A lot of this money goes into the pockets of generals, while the soldiers continue to be paid less than a living wage. The soldiers and civil guards and other units supplement their pay by taking money from Chinese storekeepers and other Chinese at the point of the bayonet. They also get as much as possible out of accused Communists, before making political prisoners out of them. More recently, these uniformed bandits began preying on ordinary Indonesian farmers, peasants who are little better off than themselves. The soldiers go round the farms collecting "taxes" – ten times more than the farmer actually owes. Often they give a receipt for the money. In a week or so, they are back, demanding the same sum again. A revolutionary army which was initially acclaimed by most people as the savior of the nation is becoming an army of occupation, battening on their own countrymen.

President Suharto has promised that there will be elections in about a couple of years. Meantime, the parliament is packed; three-fifths of its members are appointed by the army. The parliament also contains some members of the former political parties, which however are not allowed to function. A postponement of elections is understandable, and may be desirable. The politicians who fawned on Sukarno were, with some honorable exceptions, a miserable crew who, unless Sukarno or someone else told them what to do, were quite incapable of action. But the question that thoughtful Indonesians ask is how there are to be elections if there are no politicians, or political parties, and whether the army will really retire into the background so that a democratic structure can be built and can function.

The Indonesians have a reputation for being almost too docile, and then flaming up and running amok. Tension will be eased if Suharto manages to take a firmer grasp of the situation, by winning a showdown with the corrupt generals in Djakarta as well as with regional commanders who more and more go their own way without regard to the central government's wishes. If Suharto fails, he could share the political fate of General Naguib, who overthrew an Egyptian dynasty that had outlived its usefulness, only to be pushed aside in turn by Nasser.

Mr. Campbell's next report will be on the Republic of Singapore and its dynamic prime minister, Lee Kuan Yew.

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Ocean Hill Is Alive, and, Well...

by Joseph Featherstone

New York City

On different occasions this winter and spring I've been making visits to schools in the Ocean Hill-Brownsville demonstration district. It's neither possible nor desirable to weigh the merits of a venture like this after one turbulent year; what follows are simply some impressions of the schools, and some thoughts about where they might go from here.

One of the problems in creating good schools is that there is very little solid information, of the sort easy to generalize from, about how children learn – not just poor children, the "deprived," and the "disadvantaged," but all children. No one knows very much about how children actually learn to read, for example. There is some evidence that a good background in phonics is useful for many children – it lets them get away quickly from the tedium of readers, and helps in writing. Nevertheless, sensible teachers in classes where phonics is stressed soon discover that a lot of children need other things; quite a few are completely idiosyncratic in what helps their reading along. An ideal "program" would offer many different ways to pick up reading, and this is in fact what the people at PS 144 are trying to set up, although the kids, like those in most Ocean Hill schools, are still on the BRL-Sullivan programmed workbooks (whose main and only virtue is that kids can work through them on their own, freeing the teacher to work with individual students).

Some of the things we know about good schools are so obvious they're platitudes: they are generally run, for example, by good principals. Successful principals are by no means alike: they differ widely on such matters as discipline. No one formula could be devised for all the necessary talents, but it should be apparent that the city's ranked list and its special examinations are not likely to be much help in finding good people. Appointment of principals has been a key issue in decentralization battles so far, and rightly so. The Ocean Hill governing board, after a number of court battles, has been permitted to name "demonstration principals" whose credentials meet state certification standards or an equivalent. It seems to me that its appointments have been first-rate, as even many opponents will concede.

Schools and teachers succeeding with ghetto kids do different things and in different ways – they do not present a "model" or a "program" that can be duplicated and done by somebody else in a routine way. This suggests that "models" are not necessarily what we ought to be looking for. Recently much was made of research showing – not very surprisingly – that teachers' attitudes towards children are important. (So is the attitude of the administration toward teachers.)

What are the teachers like at Ocean Hill? Many are untrained, of course – college graduates and graduate students who came this fall because of social conscience or the draft, or a desire to try their hand at teaching. It's hard to convey a general impression of what classes are like, because the schools are so big – 1,000 students and more – and because even in routine schools a variety of teaching goes on.

There are few classes where chaos reigns. In some schools there aren't any. They exist though. In one, with kids fighting, the teacher practically cries as he asks me to leave. Next door, an equally inexperienced young man presides over a formal, altogether serene and quiet class. Several doors up, children form a strange, ragged sort of moving reading group with a cheerful young black lady who tours the room, holding court: it looks impromptu, but the reading seems to be coming along, and the kids are having a good time. An aide works seriously and for a long time with one little girl who has troubles. In another school are two young men, graduate students, just the sort of people you'd like to see in teaching, intelligent, joking with the kids before class starts. They tower over the tiny fourth graders. With the bell, the whole scene changes. One teacher stations himself in front and angrily hollers questions to the increasingly restless class about some very simple words on a boring phonics chart, while the other patrols the edges of the room beating out brushfires of talk and squabbling. When class ends, everybody relaxes and fraternizes in the trenches, old buddies again. It's crazy: two hulking men and 16 fourth graders and this is how they teach. Yet I'm sure they could make fairly good teachers.

Another school has some fine kindergarten classes with plenty of books and phonic games – a number of kids are reading – they remind you by contrast how bare most of the classrooms seem. Most need more teaching materials, although I saw a lovely room full of kids' drawings, and one young black teacher had

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a handsome display of Africana in his classroom.

It is hard to pin good teaching down: most good teachers like kids, care about their learning, make demands, set standards, and tend to think in terms of individuals. They are more ready than others to take advantage of opportunities – something somebody says, a new interest, an occasion when most youngsters are busy to teach something to a group or an individual. There aren't very many good teachers in Ocean Hill yet, but a number seem to be learning fast, even when they are having trouble with discipline. Most are good with the kids. In their inexperience, they rely too heavily on the phonics reading workbooks and the programmed materials. These are dreary and far from adequate as ways to teach reading. The kids, however, like them, and this is not as perverse as it sounds: they go through them at their own rate, working on their own, and most succeed at filling in the exercises, which they enjoy. The catch is you can get to be expert at the workbooks without being able to read a real book. Many of the teachers have discovered this, and have started filling up the classroom with readers and real books, and there are some efforts at encouraging writing in the form of dictated stories and so on. It seemed to me that these sorts of materials can serve a function for beginning teachers: they free them from the burden of formal teaching, to some extent, and they make it easier to work with individuals and small groups. They could be a first step toward a much freer kind of classroom.

There is a crying need in these schools, as in most others, for people who can give advice to teachers without pushing them around. Many are learning enough to be very dissatisfied with the job they're doing, and they are demanding help from the administrators and more experienced teachers. The danger is that without help and encouragement, battle fatigue and discouragement will set in. This is far from happening right now. The teachers are full of energy, complaints about the food and management, and in some instances, dislike in principle of the remaining United Federation of Teachers members in the schools. I got a strong impression that relations between the races were generally good, although in a few schools people seemed to bunch together by race, and at JS 271 there was some uneasiness. (IS-55, the other junior high in the complex, seems to be having a smoother time in every sense.)

As of today, the schools haven't gone very far in the direction of parent participation. Partly this is a matter of physical size: the great hulking castle – factories really are intimidating. I was in the office of one school one day and a woman came in looking for her nephew. They looked through the files and sent for the wrong child, who came in looking very bewildered. The schools are too big, and, of course, the turnover also creates an enormous barrier to making the schools less alien and more part of the life of home and neighborhood. It would be most interesting to see how many schools most of the poor readers in the city have passed through and how long they stayed. In the past, the Ocean Hill schools have been dealing with a human river. In a good many it was not extraordinary for half of those who started in the fall to be gone by late spring. And the situation for the transients was even worse than that figure indicates, because they were moving all the time. Some of those now in second grade at Ocean Hill have been to five or six schools. Clearly if the schools are going to reach out to homes – and I think they'll have to try, to make a difference in their lives – they're going to need to solve such problems as size and turnover.

There seems to me an especially good educational case for making the preschool years and first few years of school much closer to parents, since parents are so overwhelmingly important at that point. The cooperative nurseries in various cities point the way here. Some of the people at PS 144 are thinking along these lines. You would hope that the experience of successful storefront schools like the East Harlem Block Schools and the Harlem Street Academies would prove relevant.

Most of the schools in Ocean Hill are working hard in conventional ways to interest parents. All have parents' days, with moderate attendance. David Lee at PS 178 has clothing drives. Luis Fuentes at PS 155 has Spanish lectures; there is also a good deal of interest from Puerto Rican parents in his bilingual classes. When the heating broke down in some homes near PS 144 this winter, the principal, Ralph Rogers, set aside a room where people could come, have coffee, get warm. There is talk of giving teachers time off to visit homes. Clearly this isn't enough. Right now, the greatest element of parent participation in the schools is the "para-professionals," the people from the neighborhood who help teach. At PS 144, particularly, which has a heavy contingent, they are competent, and, as time goes by, assertive as well. I didn't get a chance to see the Bereiter-Engelmann program at PS 137, which employs a good many aides. This is what they call a highly structured program involving a lot of systematic questioning of children on the part of aides. It sounds mechanical to me, but once again, as with the programmed materials, I was impressed at how important it will be in the next few years to provide useful things for inexperienced adults to do in classrooms. As more parents and adults get busy inside schools, they should be able to get a sense of deeper educational possibilities than programmed stuff gives them.

I'm not sure what either Ocean Hill-Brownsville

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or the IS 201 complex has to tell us about decentralization, if and when it ever comes. They are doing impressive things – no miracles, to be sure, but there is more energy and more talent there than in any other two districts in the city. The problem is that this energy was in part created by the whole tragic battle for decentralization, which has also made both districts desperate to achieve reforms and educational respectability. I think decentralization should come, on political as well as educational grounds. But I wonder if the Two Bridges experimental districts, rather than the other two, won't be the model for most school districts. There, very little change has occurred, by most reports.

In general, administrators will usually end up in control of large districts. (And we are talking of *large* districts – 20,000 to 40,000 children in each.) What you might get, with determined leadership, will be more accountability to laymen, as in the surburbs. There will be risks. You will also get threats from the Right – in an area like Staten Island – and anti-white separatism in some black areas. Any decentralized system will be centrally financed, and state authorities will have power to intervene in instances where what is demanded is clearly out of the question for institutions spending public money. This may mean, as Christopher Jencks has suggested, that the militant black separatists – who are by no means a majority in the black population – will then seek to establish independent schools, as the Catholics did in a similar political crisis in the nineteenth century. I don't think the chances are very good that they could get public money for these sorts of schools, and I would hope, although I'm not confident, that they would settle for relatively moderate gains: local school board elections in which blacks vote; choices of black administrators, as in Ocean Hill; and mixed staffs of black and white teachers. Both militant separatists and black people far from that persuasion are now working together in Ocean Hill and IS 201.

Most black parents do not share the participatory idealism of the white middle class. They want better schools that fit their children to compete in this society. An increasingly important group of them sees resolute leadership in the ghetto as the only way to get these schools. Most I've talked to are perfectly willing to have good white professionals in the schools; indeed most see such white help as necessary if community-controlled black schools in the North are going to amount to something better than black-run schools in the South. Actual control of the schools can remain in the hands of professionals, black and white, if they adopt a true professional willingness to work for the clients they serve.

Two grim facts stand out. The first is that it will become increasingly impossible to govern the cities unless the institutions dealing with the poor and black people become more responsive to what they want. It is particularly clear that the schools cannot continue as colonial garrisons in suspicious and hostile neighborhoods. Even if they could, even if the police cordons and the riot squads could keep order, what sort of educational environment would that produce? Whatever the failures of the community-action organs of the poverty programs – and of course without massive employment programs they have had little effect – they have trained black people in the arts of getting their voices heard. As Adam Walinsky has said, the time is probably past when any program to help the poor can operate without effective participation.

The second grim fact is the response of white people to the first. The attempt to revivify local responsibility and participation is accompanied by a risk of militant, black separatism. If whites condemn the whole movement as chauvinism, this will further restrict the possibility of black-white alliances, and consign all black-run institutions to penury. Whenever institutions like hospitals or public housing start turning into services mainly for blacks, or poor people, public support gets withdrawn. This has been the historic rationale for the alliance of black voters with liberal and labor groups. Now, in New York, at least, the blacks have been unable to hold on to allies in the rest of the society, beyond the foundation liberals, the Urban Coalition people, and the fringes of the Left. This is a tragedy, because they can't go it alone.

In some ways the fight for the schools is a diversion from more important issues like jobs and housing. It has happened because many black people have finally decided that what was happening to their children was intolerable, and they were right. That feeling has assumed enormous political importance. The New York legislature should pass a decentralization bill this session as a gesture toward restoring some faith in the schools. The Republicans in the legislature have axed Medicaid and welfare payments, taken food away from the poor and are perfectly capable of adding insult to injury by again postponing decentralization; neither political party wants to be blamed for bringing it about. Still, it is almost inconceivable that the legislature won't at least confirm the existence of the Ocean Hill and IS 201 experiments, although stranger things have been known to happen.

In less tragic and less political times, we would be able to talk about real community schools and real participation by parents, and how schools could operate in a democracy without humiliating the lower class and denying the validity of their experience. We could go beyond reading scores to discuss education of the sort that every wise parent would want for his child. We could insist that the schools for the poor – particularly for the poor – be full of the experiences that make life rich. That will have to happen some other time.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Red and the White

Brandon Films

Doctor Glas

Twentieth Century-Fox

Over the hill a band of cavalrymen gallop to us in slow motion. A dream of war. It's the only slow-motion sequence, this first scene of *The Red and the White*, but it sets the key of the picture: harsh killings, brusque executions, irrational reversals and dominations, all blurring their hard edges into a kind of dream.

Miklós Jancsó is a Hungarian Communist, now 48. All these facts are relevant, together with the fact that he is an exceptionally gifted director. Younger directors of the Eastern European countries are less likely to deal with the establishment of the first Communist state – in this bardic manner, at any rate. And Jancsó has focussed on the Hungarians who fought with the Reds against the Whites. His script, which he wrote with two collaborators and filmed in 1967, centers first on a monastery which serves as headquarters in turn for Reds and Whites; then on a White hospital, with some Red patients, which is taken by Reds.

This alternating control – of the monastery, of the hospital, of death – is the theme. Sometimes the power-shifts are so fluid that we are momentarily confused about who is who. That, I think, is Jancsó's purpose – moral, not cynical: to show us that, ultimately, it is men who are killing indistinguishable men. There is no preachment (until the very end); the intensity of each officer's belief in what he does, the blind obedience of each soldier, the impersonal juggernaut rolling over men whose own actions helped create the juggernaut that rolls over them – all these help make the picture true and numbing.

The sense of history, snatched back and repeated for us, is possible because Jancsó is an epic director, and not in the ad-copy meaning. He disclaims any comparison with Eisenstein, which is wise of him because the connections are clear, although they are filtered through a more modern sensibility. Like Eisenstein, he uses a great many very long tracking shots, but he adds the latter-day (Kurosawa) touch of switching a motion to a contrary direction – without cutting – as the interest of other characters takes the scene away. Like Eisenstein, Jancsó relies heavily on the texture of locale: the white odd monastery structures, its galleries and courts; the sedgy bank of the river. (The black-and-white photography by Tamás Somló is in marvelously composed Cinemascope.) Like Eisenstein, Jancsó brings characters close to our eyes for a few minutes, then lets them slip out of the film: a sparrowlike White general who disposes of prisoners' lives like a fussy old schoolmaster; a Cossack who is prevented from raping a peasant girl, then poses for his execution with affected boredom; a Hungarian Red soldier in his forties who, in a few appearances, conveys patient impotence before he is killed. None of the doomed men, on either side, struggles before he is executed. The effect is not heroism but acceptance of role.

"Come over here" and "Go over there," these two orders are overused. Prisoners obey these commands, moving to one spot or another, while officers decide what to do with them. The point, I suppose, is to show that commanders must command, even when they are not sure what the command ought to be, but the repetition makes the film drag a bit at times. However, two other sequences that promise to be weary work out quite well. A sex episode seems to start quite arbitrarily, but it is interrupted and cruelly finished in a way that binds it to the film. Then there is a sequence in which White officers make some of the nurses dance for them in the midst of a birch woods. It would have been hellishly symbolic in the hands of a latter-day Czech director, and it is not really digested here, but at least it is pictorially bearable.

One last demurrer. The final two scenes are so contrary in spirit to the rest of the film that I suspect they were foisted on the picture. (This is a Hungarian-USSR co-production.) Suddenly the prisoners of history become cinematic heroes, and a small band of Reds march to panoramic death, singing the *Internationale;* soon after, they get a saber salute from a survivor. This ending is not merely disjunctive; the script is supposed to have derived from Babel, and when one thinks of Babel's fate in the Soviet future, this finale is worse than bitter.

But for the most part, *The Red and the White* deals with an ideological struggle in beautiful and humanly contradictory terms. This gives extra dimension to Jancsó's classical, large-scale talent.

Doctor Glas, a Swedish film, is at the opposite end of the scale: it takes place entirely within one man's consciousness. The novel by Hjalmar Söderberg (1905) created a stir in its day because its physician-hero committed an "ethical" murder. The screenwriters, Mai Zetterling (who directed) and her husband David Hughes, introduce the hero as a contemporary man, very old, who recollects the story against a backdrop of its futility for him. We never actually see the old man – only his shadow as he strolls aimlessly about the city. We hear him remembering his younger self; and it is that younger Glas who holds the screen, enacting the long-past crucial days of his life.

At the beginning and end of the story, Glas, a Stockholm doctor at the turn of the century, refuses to perform abortions because it is his duty to preserve life. He also refuses to terminate the life of a suffering old woman. Yet he poisons a pastor, the middle-aged husband of a young woman who loathes her marriage and who has a lover. Glas easily gets away with the medical killing, and gets nothing for it – not even the widow whose lover abandons her.

The two films that Miss Zetterling directed previously, *Loving Couples* and *Night Games*, were arty horrors, full of the theatrical gloom that the north-European climate inflicts on some Germans and Scandinavians, along with a joylessness in sexual abandon that seems the special curse of those fleeing Lutheranism. *Doctor Glas* is a quite unoriginal piece of direction, but this time Miss Zetterling has used some taste and imagination in her borrowings. The time-lapses in the 1905 story are nicely covered by out-of-focus epi-

(Continued on page 32)

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Clarence Brown: Slightly to the Right of the Czar

The Egyptian Dove by Konstantin Leontiev

Introduction and notes by George Ivask,
Translated from the Russian by George Reavey
(Weybright and Talley; $7.50)

Against the Current: Selections from the novels, essays, notes, and letters by Konstantin Leontiev

Edited, with an Introduction and notes by George Ivask,
Translated from the Russian by George Reavey
(Weybright and Talley; $7.50)

Two books by Konstantin Leontiev have suddenly appeared where there was none before. The editor, George Ivask, calls Leontiev in his Introduction "The Other Russian," a happy phrase, since this writer should force upon those who will now encounter him for the first time a rethinking of the question, what is Russian literature? He enlarges the dimensions of a possible answer in a way that Solzhenitsyn, for instance, content as he is with the procedures of nineteenth century realism, does not.

Leontiev was anything but content. As a diplomat he was unusually passionate – he once struck a French consul across the face with a whip for some remark about Russia; and as a medical doctor he was remarkably fastidious, not to say dainty. His epithets for the realism of Tolstoy and Turgenev are remorseless: cold, false, negative, revolting, coarse, unnecessary, disgusting, petty, and worst of all . . . democratic! He regarded the description of the horse in *Anna Karenina* and *Bezhin Meadow* from Turgenev's *Notes of a Hunter* as not having been written at all but simply "turned in." Whether one judges this to be harmlessly eccentric or downright perverse, it is clear that a man possessed of these notions will be distinctly "other" than what we expect from a Russian writer of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

He was also possessed of certain notions on a much grander scale, and in order to understand Leontiev at all it is necessary to have some grasp of the master scheme by which he lived and wrote. The place to begin is the essay "The Triune Process of Development." It is the biologico-historical cornerstone of his thought, if the metaphor does not suggest too much solidity for the gossamer cerebration that knits this worldview together. But the metaphoric clash is not inappropriate. In Dr. Leontiev as in Dr. Céline there is a rather more tender-minded intelligence than the tough-minded exterior would suggest. Luckily, this observation has as little to do with the art of *The Egyptian Dove* as with that of *Voyage au bout de la nuit*, since crank notions about history have proved to be no less serviceable than others as a ground for fictional portraits of men in society.

Briefly, the worldview is this. In the history of civilizations as in the history of biological organisms there are three stages of development. The first is a stage of primary simplicity, the second (and highest) is that of flowering complexity, and the last is that of secondary simplicity – the withering away into death. The idea may strike you as slightly underwhelming, but never mind: Leontiev was seized by it as by the first white-hot brilliance of revelation. All the phenomena of nature and culture swarmed in his brain in confirmation of his hypothesis. Plants and kingdoms, the development of Greek poetry, the orders of architecture, even the progress of the disease pneumonia through the human body (medically graphic in detail) – these furnished the rhetorical substructure for his supreme conclusion, namely, that the world in general had been losing altitude ever more precipitously since about the sixteenth century and had now, in the nineteenth, speeded by what he saw as the disasters of 1848, very nearly hit bottom.

The third stage of pre-mortal simplicity, which Leontiev gloomily identified with his own time, was characterized by democracy, liberalism, the gray leveling of bourgeois equality, and such hateful insipidities as those tidy little Scandinavian countries. The specter haunting Europe in Leontiev's own demonological landscape was quite simply the "average European" of his best known philosophical utterance, "The Average European as the Ideal and Instrument of Universal Destruction." Looking into the immediate future, Leontiev foresaw the triumph of a dreary Philistine socialism in Russia – in *Russia*, not in the West, *pace* Marx – and the final annihilation of human life in some cosmic cataclysm. Looking backward, he saw in the Middle Ages an appealing individualism, political diversity, and artistic vitality, all held together by the indispensable despot of his second stage; and beyond that, the geometrical and pastoral simplicities of the earliest youth of the race. The inroads of the industrial rev-

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olution into the Russia of Leontiev's day would seem modest enough, but they were detestable to him.

With a mind thus furnished, Leontiev could scarcely have chosen either in life or fiction (largely the same for him) any other direction than the one he took: southward, back to the blend of Mediterranean and Orient, to the very home of that theocratic authoritarianism needed in his scheme to lend form to vital exuberance, to that proper *ubi* of his spirit, Byzantium. Like Ladnev, the hero of his novel, he was in Constantinople as an officer of the consular service of the Czar.

The Egyptian Dove, his masterpiece, redeems it all. He wrote several other novels, some of them known only in part, since he mostly destroyed them. I have read only one other, *The Child of the Heart*, a rather flat imitation of an Oriental folk manner and not worth much attention, but there is an account of the others in Ivask's helpful introduction. Leontiev's literary criticism is like his socio-historical musing: occasionally very exciting, often wordy and tedious, very rude and eccentric, often much in advance of its time, and, best of all, independent and impious. Though his disapprobation of realism was total, he found much to admire in Tolstoy; but there was no trace in him of what Philip Rahv has called "the critic's euphoria in the Tolstoyan weather." Leontiev barged in upon that realm with his eyes open, fully alive to the conventions of Tolstoy's art, and as little subject as ever to the softening effect of any "euphoria."

Given the form of this utterly open-ended novel, the fact that it was never finished can have no significance. That it has a beginning seems itself a mere typographic convention, for the hero, Ladnev, along with other characters, comes straight from an earlier book. There is no story worth the name. Everything depends upon the sensibility of Ladnev – whose identification with his creator is so patent as to make dissociating them seem pointless – and upon the little hothouse, decadent culture of the Russian and Western diplomats.

I find it impossible to convey the fragility and the bizarre charm of this book in a short review. Here is a paragraph from near the beginning, just after Ladnev has described the dove that cooed in a peach tree outside his rooms:

> "I waited and waited, and my waiting was rewarded! All this happened almost simultaneously: I fell in love with Masha Antoniadi and learned that she loved me, too, at exactly the moment when Veliko, the young Bulgarian, deserted from the Cossack regiment of Sadyk Pasha and took refuge in my house. At this time, because spring had come, the peach tree close to my high wall blossomed in pink flowers; at this time also I began to understand better and better *what* my Egyptian dove was cooing about, *what* it was prophesying to me."

The key to the novel is that neither Masha nor Veliko will be the true love object of the owner of that voice. It is in his nature that neither can be, though the former more or less ostensibly is. The real object of the affections of this aesthete is simple experience itself. Ladnev savors equally the reality of the dove's cooing, the pinks and greens and blues of his environment, and the make-believe of his relations with others. There is occasionally a distinctly Ronald Firbank flair to these fey imaginings – a kind of androgynous sad delectation of the various offerings of the senses, which are never enough. But the limp-wristed manner is supported by an iron assurance of taste.

By long habit, we are accustomed to read Russian novels with some attention to the larger ideological matrix. Leontiev was emphatically ideological and up to this point, indeed, he has been known in the West, when he has been known at all, uniquely for his reflections on the gross morphology of history. Does this mean that his novel is some thinly fictionalized manual of doctrine? No. Snatches of the doctrine are explicitly there when the hero gives himself over to some solo reflection but these episodes are, for one thing, rare enough, and, for another, so natural to the quirky intelligence in the foreground that we accept them as the routine anomaly of his mind. Beyond that, one can only suppose that the brisk and occasionally frothy goings-on are meant to be illustrative of the second, or supreme, stage of universal development – that of exub-

J. L. ZARING
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erant complexity. In any case, the ideology does not protrude.

Leontiev took the by now drearily predictable path open to homosexuals with a taste for ideas and writing: political reaction, solipsistic forays into fictional sensation, a savoring of colors, smells, sounds, and other forms of autostimulation, and finally, monasticism proper (he was shorn a monk just before dying in 1891). His logbooks of joy are sad when one thinks of the human story behind (and in) them. When one doesn't – a better plan – they are feasts of style and records of a gifted and unrepeatable mind.

Martin Duberman: Immoral Imperialism

American Power and the New Mandarins by Noam Chomsky

(Pantheon; $7.95)

Readers of *The New Republic* will probably know most of Noam Chomsky's essays, having either read them when they first appeared in a variety of periodicals or heard them when delivered from various platforms. I myself knew almost all the pieces, so when it came time to review them as they appear in this collection, I anticipated little surprise. I couldn't have been more wrong, and I mention the fact in order to encourage others not to pass the volume by. Even those essays which might be familiar, turn out, on a second reading and in juxtaposition with the others, to yield unusual rewards.

There is no shortage these days of critiques of American power, but Chomsky's formulation is quite special, and his tone – so free of exaggeration or misrepresentation – is all but unique. He avoids self-righteousness ("No one," he writes in a characteristic passage, "who involved himself in anti-war activities as late as 1965, as I did, has any reason for pride or satisfaction"); is able to admit when a conclusion is uncertain or when the evidence allows for several possible conclusions; and is able to see inadequacies in the views or tactics of those who share his position – and even some occasional merit in those who do not. These qualities – this integrity, gives unusual strength to Chomsky's writing.

Unlike many radical critics, Chomsky does not build his case against our country's foreign policy by magnifying the innocence or goodness of those who oppose us internationally. He argues brilliantly against the official American view that our interventionist policies are merely a defensive reaction to Russian or Chinese aggression, that we intervene only to defend the people of Asia (or Africa, or Latin-America) from the horrors of Communist totalitarianism. At the same time he declares that "one may still react with dismay, perhaps even outrage, to the authoritarian and repressive character of the Chinese state," and refers to the Soviet Union as "consolidating its Eastern European empire with brutality and deceit." He knows that the case against our imperialist ventures is so strong that it does not require the varnishing of our "antagonists" for its force.

A corollary of not finding an anti-American stance automatically self-purifying, is the ability to find something of value still adhering to our own society. Chomsky is reluctant to put much emphasis on the positive aspects of our culture – understandably, since the central aim of his book is to make us aware of how destructive our self-infatuation has become. Yet he does remind us in passing that free institutions, however compromised by passivity and conformity, continue to exist, that "it is to the great credit of the American press," for example,

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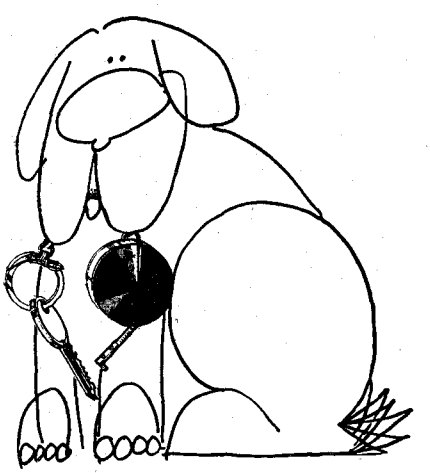

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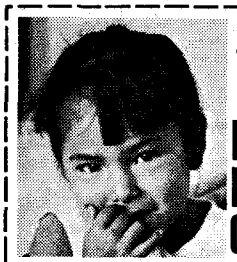
that "it does still provide information on the basis of which one who is willing to put in the time and effort can arrive at some understanding of what is taking place in Vietnam" (though few, he adds, have the patience to absorb that information – or, for that matter, the slogan-free perspective from which to evaluate it).

Even as regards the peace movement, of which he has himself been so important a figure, Chomsky avoids a one-dimensional evaluation; indeed, he is more critical than congratulatory. We have reached the peace table at Paris, he argues, not because the peace movement has produced a fundamental change of heart about our country's right to intervene in the internal affairs of other nations, but simply because the public has come to feel that our involvement in Vietnam is costing too much. I have some peripheral doubts about this interpretation: "cost," at least, must be defined to include not merely such things as the tax surcharge, but also the rise in casualty lists and draft calls; moreover, I think some segment of public opinion, particularly in campus communities, has moved beyond cost accounting arguments into an opposition based on ethical considerations.

In any case, Chomsky is surely right that opposition to the war has chiefly resulted from the war's lack of success. Even "enlightened" American opinion still accepts our right to intervene abroad so long as we do so more expeditiously than we have in Vietnam. Chomsky holds the peace movement itself at least partly responsible for the public's failure to disavow our right to intervene, because the movement has "been getting by for too long with cheap jokes about LBJ and with concentration on peripheral issues such as the bombing of North Vietnam." One could argue that Chomsky mistakenly equates the peace movement's failure to produce fundamental results with an unwillingness to try for them, or that he underestimates the change that has taken place in public opinion. Even some "liberal mandarins," it might be said, have come to understand that the central question is our right, not merely our ability, to intervene. But the basic facts remain as Chomsky states them: most opponents of the war think Johnson was a usurper and Vietnam an aberration; *ordinarily*, they argue, we do not inter-



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The Dying Goddess

The love goddess, alas, grows frailer.
She still has her devotees
But their hearts are not whole.
They follow young boys
From the corners of their eyes.
They become embarrassed
By their residual myths.
Odd cults crop up, involving midgets,
Partial castration, dismemberment of children.
The goddess wrings her hands; they think it vanity
And it is, partly.

Sometimes, in her precincts
Young men bow curly heads.
She sends them packing
Indulgently, with blown kisses.
There are those who pray endlessly,
Stretched full-length, with their eyes shut,
Imploring her, "Mother!"
She taps her toe at these. A wise goddess
Knows her own children.

On occasion, her head raises
Almost expectantly: a man steps forward.
She takes one step forward,
They exchange wistful glances.
He is only passing.
When he comes to the place
Of no destination
He takes glass after glass
As her image wavers.
In her own mirror her image wavers.
She turns her head from the smokeless brazier.

CAROLYN KIZER

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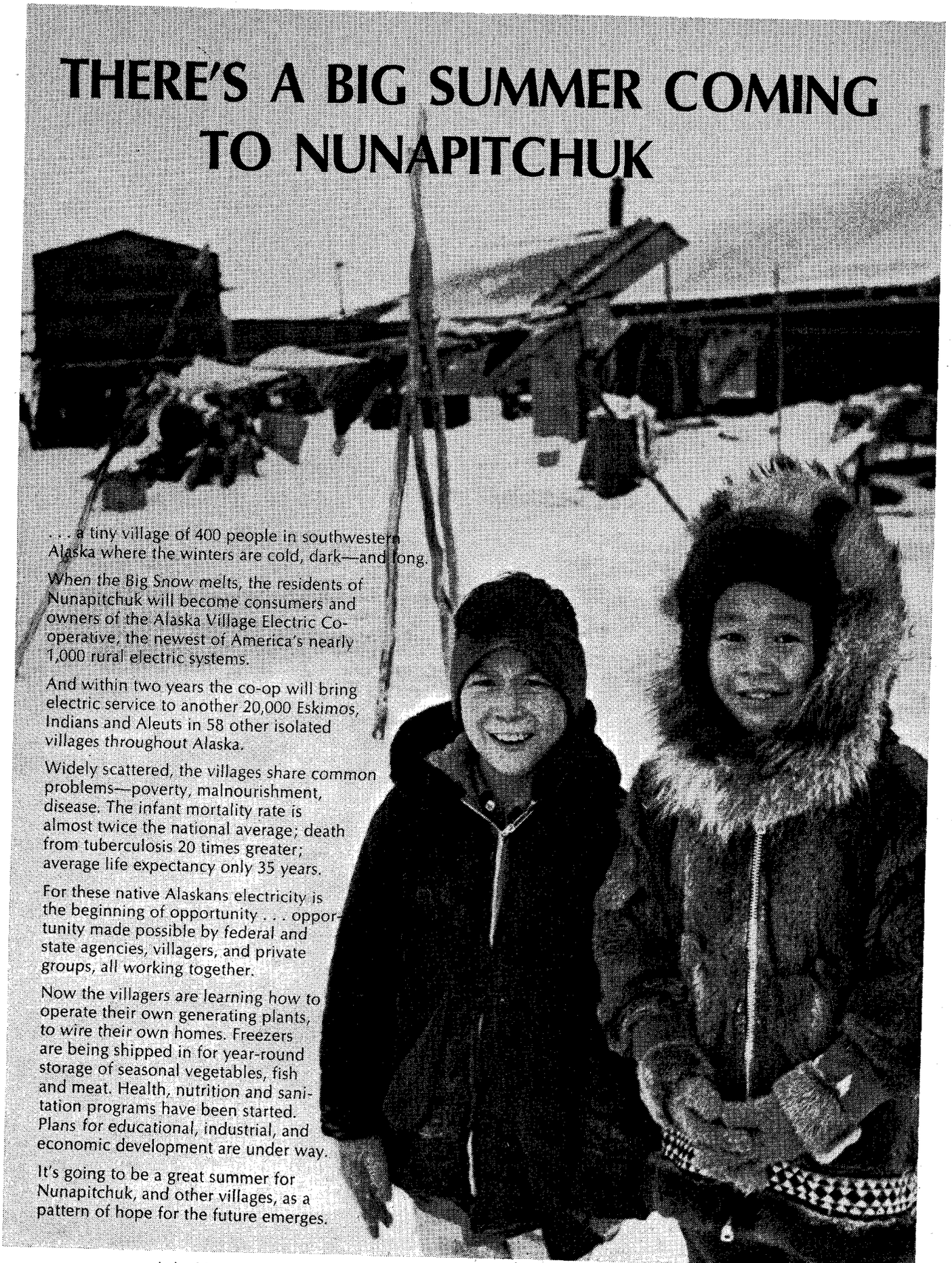
THERE'S A BIG SUMMER COMING TO NUNAPITCHUK



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fere with the affairs of other nations – or when we do, it is only because *someone* must dictate "acceptable" patterns of organization.

Along with the even-handedness of his analysis, Chomsky seems to me remarkable among our radical critics for at least one other quality: whereas many of those critics (and especially the older ones) do not recognize the anarchist perspective that lies at the heart of the rebellion of the young, Chomsky not only recognizes, but admires it. He calls "the revival of anarchist thinking . . . and the attempts to put it into effect . . . the most promising development of the past years," a development which allows him to conclude, even after detailing the horrors of American power, that "there now exist opportunities for change that are not very likely to recur."

Chomsky's appreciation of the anti-authoritarian, "participatory" aspects of anarchism is based on historical as well as contemporary material. In a detailed examination of the Spanish Civil War, he points to the failure of almost all those who have written on it to acknowledge the importance of the anarchists. The bulk of this analysis is in the book's lead essay, "Objectivity and Liberal Scholarship"; it takes up almost a third of the volume and is the least familiar essay (a few parts were delivered as a lecture at New York University in March, 1968). The piece is at once the most rewarding and the least readable in the collection. Though all the essays are well-documented, "Objectivity" is over-documented. Chomsky has done a staggering amount of reading in a wide variety of sources (and in several languages), but he is a little relentless in demonstrating it; parts of the essay, with their multiple quotations and over-long book summaries, could profitably have been pared down.

But the virtues of "Objectivity and Liberal Scholarship" far offset its minor irritants. The heart of the essay is an erudite, lucid rebuttal of the view of the Spanish Civil War dominant among historians (for which read "liberal intellectuals"): that "Communist policy was in essentials the correct one – that in order to consolidate domestic and international support for the Republic it was necessary to block and then reverse the social revolution." The revolution to which Chomsky refers, largely unplanned, inarticulate and unrecorded, centered in the masses of urban and rural laborers and was in spirit predominantly anarchistic. Liberal (and Communist) historians have never given due recognition to that revolution because – despite their claims to objectivity – they have a built-in bias against mass movements, the dispossessed, and all that bears the mark of spontaneity or loose organization. As a result, historians of the Spanish Civil War have ignored some of its crucial aspects or have underplayed them as naive, primitive and irrational – as fringe developments.

I think Chomsky makes his case about the Spanish Civil War, and in doing so raises a critical issue about historical scholarship. By showing that our scholars judge historical evidence according to their own elitest, rationalist, "orderly" assumptions, and thereby distort that evidence, Chomsky makes us aware of how much our understanding of the world is predicated on a desperately one-sided view of its history.

I think he overstates the extent to which mandarin assumptions ("opposition to social change and support for the counterrevolutionary violence that is used to suppress it") have *always* characterized our cultural history. He cites for proof a book by Louis Hartz, a historian known for emphasizing continuity and consensus (as opposed to change and conflict) in our past – one of those very liberals, in other words, whom Chomsky otherwise warns us against. At any rate, Chomsky makes his point that in this generation at least, liberal intellectuals have done much to encourage the view now so common in our country (especially among the "well-educated"), that the masses are "objects, incapable of political expression or allegiance, to be 'controlled' by one side or the other." The repercussions of this view for Vietnam need not be spelled out.

Chomsky might take some heart from knowing that a new generation of radical academics has begun to repair the damages wrought by liberal scholarship. His recommendation, for example, that scholars pay more attention to the "inarticulate impulses" of the masses, has already been heeded by the young historian, Jesse Lemisch, whose work on the attitudes of seamen during the Revolutionary War not only shows that Chomsky has pointed to a real need, but that imaginative scholarship, utilizing neglected sources and seeing traditional sources with new eyes, can fill that need.

I have been able to comment on only two or three of the more significant aspects of Chomsky's remarkable book; but its riches cannot so easily be exhausted. One of the few comforts available at this terrible moment is that we continue to produce men of Noam Chomsky's honesty and stature – and continue to have them published.

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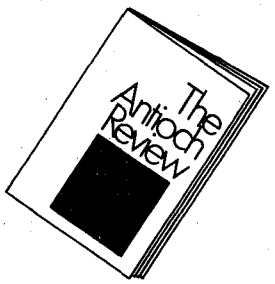

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ALL RHETORICAL QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

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Correspondence

Thailand

Sirs:

In his report (March 29), Alex Campbell wrote that "arriving in Bangkok from Delhi is a cultural shock." He referred to the few and ancient automobiles he saw in Delhi in contrast to the "cars in quantities" in Bangkok. He drew a moral from these observations: that India, in her determination to be "a largely socialist country," practices stern austerity so as to become "self-sufficient." The clear implication of such assessment is that Thailand, not being a socialist country, is on a spending spree and is more concerned with "luxuries." He rightly praised the Indian government for raising in March the import tax on cars to 100 percent. Little did he know that in Thailand 100 percent import duty on cars has been in effect for nearly twenty years. Traffic jam in Bangkok is a terrible phenomenon, but surely Thailand cannot be criticized for having always been self-sufficient and for the fact that there is greater affluence in our society, which enabled us to import more cars in the past two decades at the "socialist" rate of 100 percent import duty.

Even in his generous mood, which prompted him to mention the five percent rate of annual growth of Thailand's gross national product, Mr. Campbell could not resist the temptation to ascribe it to the "American military spending, on such items as the air bases" and "a new deep water port." Large-scale US military spending in Thailand did not take place until the 1965-66 period, and the annual economic growth rate of Thailand has been averaging seven percent, (and not five percent) since 1957. . . . Besides, statistics from US sources themselves show that over two-thirds of US military spending in Thailand goes back to the United States. The one-third which remains in Thailand either is spent on such commodities as entertainment, which are of no significance to the basic economy, or remains in the form of military installations which do not really represent an economically productive investment. In addition, the construction of those bases has practically been completed, and so-called US military spending will inevitably be greatly diminished.

He refers to the recent general elections in Thailand and claims that "all the politicians, in the government or in the opposition, and including the socialists as well as the independents, are merely factions of the Thai upper classes and mostly related to one another." Anybody, who has any respect for the truth would find such an assertion plainly absurd.

As for his assertion that "an increasing number of the children of the poor do not get any schooling at all," this seems totally to disregard any kind of statistics. Or, maybe it would not suit Mr. Campbell's mentality to accept, as is generally accepted by all relevant international authorities, that non-socialist Thailand should have the highest percentage of literacy in Southeast Asia and one of the highest in the whole of Asia, or that Thailand has had legislation for compulsory education since 1921, that the portion of the annual national budget devoted to education in the past years amounts to about 20-25 percent of the total, and the high 10 percent rate of increase in educational budget has been consistently maintained for the past several years, that even as far back as 1964, there were already 28,722 schools with 5,172,507 students evenly distributed throughout the kingdom, and, at least in the primary grades, over 80 percent of the students were enrolled in government-sponsored schools which are free of charge. Even those students who now go abroad for their studies, a great and ever increasing portion of them do so on government scholarships or through grants from foreign institutions and governments which they must earn through their own academic abilities, irrespective of the wealth or status of their parents.

Anand Panyarachun
Acting Permanent Representative of Thailand to the United Nations

Sacco-Vanzetti

Sirs:

In his review of the recent book on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, Ehrmann's *The Case That Will Not Die,* Leon Friedman (March 22) referred to the contention in Russell's *Tragedy in Dedham* that while Vanzetti was innocent Sacco was not; and commented: "Russell relied upon ballistics evidence based on a very carelessly preserved bullet, and made by two experts who had already taken a position against Sacco." And

Notes on Contributors

CLARENCE BROWN *is a professor of Slavic Languages and literature at Princeton.* MARTIN DUBERMAN *is the author of* In White America.

COMMENTARY
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I write to point out that in a letter in *The New Republic* of June 4, 1966 replying to similar comments by Alexander Bickel, Russell gave a detailed account of how the tests of the bullet with a comparison microscope that he had sponsored in 1961 had been conducted by the two experts in the presence of reporters; and this account seemed to me to disprove the charge of bias against the two testers and to permit no doubt concerning their findings.

But since Mr. Friedman refers to the condition of the bullet by the time it was tested in 1961, I write also to point out again, as I did in my letter of May 7, 1966, that in 1927 "the supposed fatal bullet and a test bullet fired from Sacco's gun were examined through a comparison miscroscope, and the striations on the two bullets were found to fit into each other as if the two bullets were one – conclusive evidence that the fatal bullet had been fired from Sacco's gun. This test was conducted in the presence of witnesses and the defense ballistics expert, Gill; and Goddard's published statement of his finding was not challenged by Gill or the defense lawyer, Thompson."

I can testify that the result of the 1927 test is painful to accept; but if a mere music critic can bring himself to accept it, a lawyer should be able to.

B. H. Haggin
New York, N. Y.

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

sodes in the present, in which the sounds of the modern world and the old man's voice link the episodes of the past. In the 1905 story – the bulk of the film – the multifold consciousness of Glas is dramatized in quick flashes of memory, dream, and daydream, usually in high-contrast photography. (Heavy blacks, vacant whites.) Some of these flashes are poignant, some quite funny. She has a good feeling for the turn of the century, which she showed also in *Loving Couples*. And in the midst of the action she conveys that Glas lives in a figurative glass bell. (The word-play may even have been in Söderberg's mind.)

Whatever Miss Zetterling planned, her work is consummated by Per Oscarsson's performance as Glas. This wonderful actor, who was the hero in *Hunger*, seems to have been born to be an agonist of spiritual torment, yet he is utterly without heaviness. The anguish of his isolation comes, in large measure, from our conviction that he is eager *not* to be isolated, but is baffled; that he cannot understand life about him nor his own; that he is in a cell in Death Row, learning that the freedom of others may only be their illusion. Ulf Palme, one of Sweden's best actors, deals handily with the pastor. Lone Hertz is appealing as his wife.

The film's texture gets thin because its irony is familiar and its final impact small. The philosophical rue is credible enough, but the picture lacks the weight to give it any bite. Still Miss Zetterling must be congratulated on her refinements. There are some pleasures in the way the film is made; and there is pleasure in watching Oscarsson do anything.

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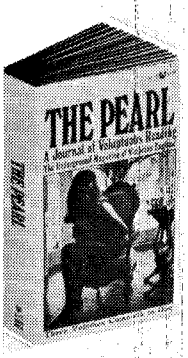

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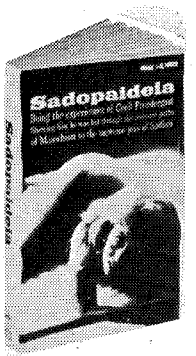

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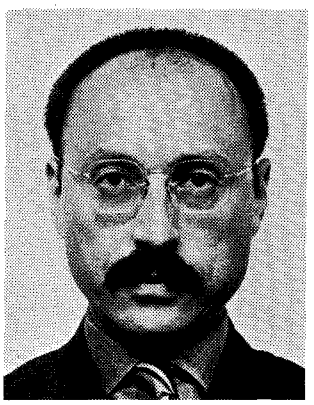

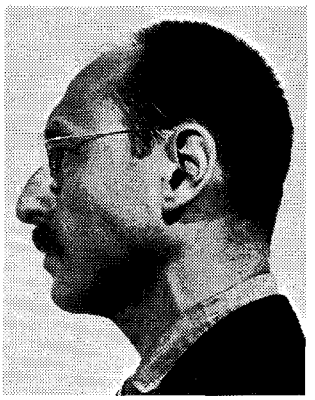

WANTED

Pictured above is Ralph Ginzburg, publisher of the most notorious and wanted magazines of the 20th Century.

First he launched the quarterly **Eros**, a magazine dedicated to the joys of love and sex. **Eros** was an instantaneous *succès de scandale* and over a quarter of a million people ordered subscriptions, despite the fact that they cost $25. But the U.S. Post Office declared **Eros** "obscene" and drove it out of business (and, incidentally, obtained for Ginzburg a five-year prison sentence, which has since been appealed).

Then he brought out the crusading bimonthly **Fact**, which was the first major American magazine to inveigh against U.S. involvement in Vietnam, cigarette advertising in the mass media, and Detroit's ruthless disregard for car safety (Ralph Nader was a **Fact** discovery). The intellectual community was galvanized by **Fact** and bought –devoured!–over half a million copies, despite the fact that **Fact** was not available at most newsstands (most newsdealers found it too controversial) and it was priced at a steep $1.25. But certain Very Important Persons got mad at **Fact** –including Barry Goldwater, who sued the magazine for $2 million –and it, too, was driven out of business.

Undaunted, Ginzburg rallied his forces and last year launched still a third magazine, **Avant-Garde**, which he describes as "a pyrotechnic, futuristic bimonthly of intellectual pleasure." This magazine, he predicted, "will be my wildest yet, and most universally wanted."

From all indications, Ginzburg's prediction is proving correct. Although still in its infancy, **Avant-Garde** already enjoys a readership of over one million, while its growth rate is one of the phenomena of modern publishing. Newsdealers report deliveries of copies sold out within a matter of minutes. Dentists report that **Avant-Garde** is the magazine in their waiting rooms most frequently purloined. And librarians order duplicate–and even triplicate–subscriptions in order to provide replacements for worn-out copies (and perhaps to obtain fresh copies for their own personal delectation). Everywhere, citizens who are normally upright, respectable, and law-abiding are being tempted to beg, borrow, or steal copies of **Avant-Garde**, the most spellbinding and desperately sought-after magazine in America today.

What makes **Avant-Garde** such a tutti-frutti frappe of a magazine? Why is it in such insane demand? How does it differ from other magazines? The answer is threefold:

First, **Avant-Garde** is such rollicking great fun. Each issue really socks it to you with uproarious satire, irreverent interviews, madcap cartoons, cherry-bomb editorials, deliberately biased reportage, demoniacal criticism, x-ray profiles, supernova fiction, and outrageous ribaldry. From cover to cover, **Avant-Garde** is a careening joy ride of intellectual pleasure.

Second, **Avant-Garde** stones readers with its mind-blowing beauty. It brings to the printed page a transcendental new kind of high. This is achieved through a combination of pioneering printing methods and the genius of Herb Lubalin, who is **Avant-Garde**'s art director (and, incidentally, America's foremost graphic designer). In just the first few months of its existence, **Avant-Garde** has won more awards for design excellence than any other magazine in the world.

Third, **Avant-Garde** captivates readers with articles that have something to *say*. They're more than just filler between advertisements, as in most other magazines. Perhaps the best way to prove this is to list for you the kinds of articles **Avant-Garde** prints:

Will the Vote for 18-Year-Olds Move America to the Left?

An Evening with New York's Scandalous Orgy-and-Mystery Theater

The Secret Plans of Leading Tobacco Companies to Market Marijuana–If, as, and when pot prohibition is lifted.

Yevtushenko's Epic in Defense of Dr. Spock

The Love Poetry of Eugene McCarthy

Living High on "The Hog Farm"–A visit to America's most successful hippie *kibbutz*.

Pre-Mortem–At **Avant-Garde**'s invitation, 28 celebrities (including Art Buchwald, Harry Golden, Woody Allen, and Gore Vidal) dictate their own obituaries.

"In Gold We Trust"–A satire on America's changing spiritual values, by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

London's "Theatre of Eros"

My Son, the Revolutionary–A study of family backgrounds of young American radicals.

Harlem's Beautiful New African Boutiques

Coming Attraction–"Sex is the closest I can come to explaining the way I sing," says San Francisco rock songstress Janis Joplin.

Has LBJ Secretly Converted to Catholicism?

Live Wires–A report on the three supercharged wire services that supply news to the nation's 200 underground newspapers.

R. Buckminster Fuller's Plan for a Floating City in Tokyo Bay

Fractured Hip–Hilarious malapropisms by squares attempting to sound ultra-cool.

The Pedernales River Baptism-a-thon: A Fugs *Happening*

Making a Scene–Stills from Andy Warhol's film *Romeo and Juliet*, in which superstar Viva falls victim to an unplanned gang-rape.

Phil Ochs: Kipling of the New Left

Abreast of the Times–A report on the sudden return to breast-feeding by America's most sophisticated and sexually liberated women.

Allen Ginsberg's Script for a New Film by Charlie Chaplin

Coitus Non Interruptus: The Erotic Tomb Sculptures of Madagascar

Bob Dylan's Suppressed Novel "Tarantula"

The Startling Increase in LBJ's Personal Wealth While in the White House

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In sum, **Avant-Garde** is a hip, joyous feast of gourmet food-for-thought. It's the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

Small wonder, then, that critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over **Avant-Garde**: "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! **Avant-Garde** has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "**Avant-Garde** is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science–and sex," says The New York Times. "An exotic literary menu....A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "Ralph Ginzburg deserves considerable credit for having risked printing this," says Life. "**Avant-Garde**'s articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the New York East Village Other. "**Avant-Garde** is the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says Time. "Borders on the genius," says the Miami Beach Sun. "**Avant-Garde** is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Peter Schjeldahl. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

Avant-Garde's contributors include the most brilliant artists, writers, and photographers of our time. Not only does **Avant-Garde** feature works by such acknowledged masters as Picasso, Arthur Miller, Norman Mailer, Kenneth Tynan, Karl Menninger, John Updike, Allen Ginsberg, Roald Dahl, Henry Miller, Bert Stern, William Styron, Eliot Elisofon, Kenneth Rexroth, David Levine, Richard Avedon, Leonard Baskin, Dali, Genet, Beckett, Sartre, Burroughs, Yevtushenko, Warhol, *et al.*, but, perhaps more important, it hunts down the wild cats who will be the literary lions of tomorrow.

In format, **Avant-Garde** more closely resembles a $10 art folio than a magazine. It is printed on the finest antique and coated paper stocks by time-consuming sheet-fed gravure and costly duotone offset lithography. It is bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation. The format of **Avant-Garde**, like its editorial contents, is intended to endure.

Subscriptions to **Avant-Garde** cost $10 per year. This is not cheap. **However, right now, while Avant-Garde is still in its infancy, you may order a Special Introductory 8-Month Subscription for only $3.99!! This is a MERE FRACTION of the standard price.**

Moreover, if you enter your subscription right now, you'll be a Charter Subscriber. This will entitle you to:

- Buy gift subscriptions for only $3.99.
- Renew your subscription for $3.99 *forever*, despite any subsequent price increases.
- Start your subscription with one of **Avant-Garde**'s early issues. *This is not to be taken lightly since early issues of high-quality magazines often become valuable collectors' items* (especially if they're Ralph Ginzburg publications; early issues of **Eros** now sell for $100; early copies of **Fact** are worth $25; and copies of **Avant-Garde** published just a few months ago are already bringing $15).

To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $3.99 to: **Avant-Garde**, 110 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

But please hurry. This Special Introductory Offer may be withdrawn without notice.

Then sit back and prepare to receive your first copy of the most wanted, arresting, and rewarding magazine in America today (and the only one put out by a publisher with real conviction).

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